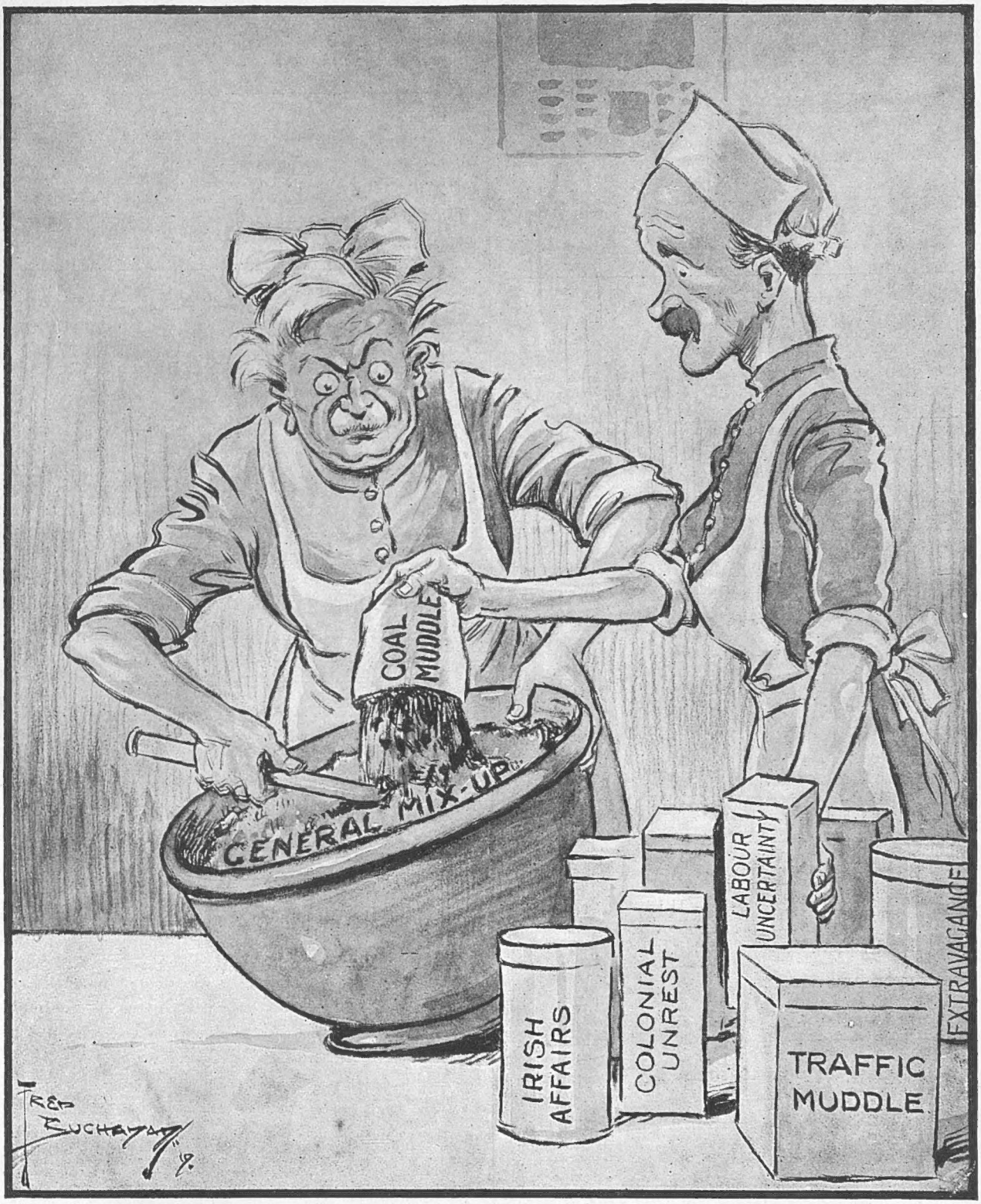
The Bystander, December 24, 1919. No. 838. Vol. LXIV.

The BYSTANDER



THE CHRISTMAS MIXTURE

THE EXPERIENCED COOK: "Put it all in. They'll swallow it all with good cooking and plenty of sauce!"

BY FRED BUCHANAN

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Bystander Comments

Cheerio To You All!

Here's to you—and to you!
Here's to those whom you love!
Here's to those who love you!

And in addition to that, my children, I wish you all what you wish for yourselves. What better, what more comprehensive wish can you have than that? It will appeal to everybody except those who haven't got any wishes for themselves, and they are the self-doubting folk who make good resolutions for the New Year—and make the lives of their belongings a misery during the week they are trying to keep them.

It really looks as if it will be a pukkah Christmas this year—none of the skimpings of last year in meat and sugar—and lashings and lashings of all sorts of things we haven't seen since the submarines got busy.

You will observe I say nothing about prices. Far be it from me to cast the mist of pain over anybody's Christmas pudding.

And after all these dreary winters, what a joy it has been to see all the shop-windows a-glow and a-glitter instead of being brown with khaki gifts for mud-stained heroes in the trenches and unwilling occupants of cushy jobs at bases. The change has been responsible for the outpouring of many pennies. But the returned warrior, uncomfortably conscious of having been lured into spending more than he ought under the combined temptation of his first Christmas at home and the shop-windows, can comfort himself with the little girl's version of "how it happened."

She had stolen some prunes out of a cupboard. "Please, mummy, I just felt I couldn't help it. It must have been the devil," she explained.

"Why didn't you say 'Get thee behind me, Satan?'" answered her mother, reprovingly.

"I did, mummy, I did. An' he got behind, and then just pushed me right into the cupboard! I felt him!"

"Miss So-and-So and Partner"

Some of the innovations that have crept in during the past year are excellent. One is the new method of dance invitations. A poor hostess need no longer run the risk of permanent wrinkles in beating up an approximate number of dancing-men for the usual out-numbering cohort of damsels. Girls now are supposed to bring their own partners, the cards being headed, "Miss So-and-So and Partner." If they don't, they have either to run the risk of sitting out danceless or trusting to the charity of their friends, or somebody bringing a spare young man.

It is an admirable arrangement. Most girls now keep a list of dancing-men they like. When they get an invitation they write off at once to secure one of them. It doesn't follow that this means dancing with the same man all the evening. Girls introduce their partners to one another, or a number of friends will go as a party.

All the hostess has to do in these days is to provide the ballroom, the music, the refreshments, and ask the girls. They do the rest. And if they like they can always take their mother or their aunt.

A Hint for a Dull Countryside

The new plan, thanks to motors and the motor-bike, works well, too, in the country, and is already bringing unheard-of gaiety and fun into districts that used to be duller than their own ditch-water.

EVEN A WORM WILL TURN—AT LAST!

By W. E. Wigfull

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

In one neighbourhood, known to your most humble and faithful servant, some twenty girls have formed a dance club. They have a dance once a fortnight. Neighbours with a sufficiently large room lend their houses in turn.

The morning before the dance the girls go to the house, turn out the room, clean, scrub, arrange sitting-out places, and polish the floor. I need scarcely say they have all been V.A.D.'s. The refreshments, which consist of cider-cup, lemonade, sandwiches, cake, etc., are either made by themselves or in their own kitchens. They dance to a piano and a violin.

CHRISTMAS (F)HOLLY!

MR. LLOYD GEORGE: "It's all very well for decorative purposes, but I didn't want to fall into it like this!"

BY FRED BUCHANAN

Each girl brings her own partner, and it is amazing the distances these young men will go to a dance; fifty miles seems nothing to them. Gilded Galahads in the Guards, and lofty young gentlemen from "the shop" go again and again to the dances of this "club."

The whole expense of each dance is £5—not ruinous when divided amongst twenty girls. It is all as simple as simple can be, and I believe that is why they all enjoy it so much. Also, in that neighbourhood the girls have not joined the "Bare-back Brigade" which is upsetting Father Vaughan so badly.

I must add an important point. The day after the dance the girls go to the house and put the room straight again. It is one of the rules of the club that no trouble should be given to anyone lending her house, or to her servants. Let other dull country-places take note and do likewise.

Is It Amateur Bolshevism?

ARE we going through a phase of amateur Bolshevism, a sort of you've-got-what-I-want-and-I'm-going-to-take-it? The newspapers tell us all about banks being raided and managers shot, luggage being stolen, "dud" cheques passed right and left, but scarcely a day passes that one does not hear some story of theft in places where naturally you would think theft an impossibility.

How many women, I wonder, are bemoaning the loss of handbags and fans left upon a chair at a dance, the mysterious disappearance of fur muffs and wraps in restaurants, tea-rooms, and even clubs? A goodly number, my friends. At one dance—it was at a dance club where the membership is beyond reproach—no less than three dames found the chains of their jewelled vanity bags dangling on their arms during the course of one evening. The bags had been cleverly snipped off—obviously the work of an expert bag-snatcher.

Bill Gawber Orates

"I REMEMBER as me mar used ter sye ter me when I was a nipper: 'Bill, she used ter sye, troubles never comes singly. Measles an' chicking-pox, funerals an' weddings. Ter sye nothing o' twins. The ole geyser was right. I 'adn't no sooner 'eard that Mybel's bloke, yer know the (pink) Swiss witer as I told yer abart, was in quod fer turnin' out ter be the Kaiser's nephew, when Mrs. Gawber's took queer! Oh, my, Bill, she sez, I got a funny feelin' in me feet, she sez. Must be me 'eart agin! So I give 'er a corf lozenge. But as she wouldn't 'old 'er row and owled something orful abart 'er elbow throbbin', I got 'er ter the doctor."

"Nothing serious, I hope?"

"No! 'E's a good 'un, that doctor. 'Yer give yer jaw a rest, mother, 'e sez, an' yer'll live ter rout the Philistines with it, 'e sez. Course I larfed. Until 'e sez, 'One an' a tanner.' 'Ere, I sez, oo yer gettin' at, yer (bloater). A bob's the damage. Same as fer a week's gas! 'One an' a tanner,' sez the (ravaged) reptile. 'We've put up our (smoking) fees fifty per cent., an' yer'd better get a move on and dror yer dying breath before it corsts yer a 'undred per cent. more.' Wot yer sye ter that? Course I pide. Wot else could I do with Mrs. Gawber already outside arf a bottle o' yellow mixture? But I sez it ain't fair, I sez. It corsts double ter eat,

(Continued on page 1040)

"Who Says I'm 'Not Contemporary With Man'?"

SIR RAY LANKESTER: "I d-do b-b-believe that awful B-B-Bronto-Saur'us!"

H. G. WELLS: "Who, Ray? Who, Ray? (I d-d-don't m-mean 'Hooray') W-why, you told me '*P-P-Prehistoric Peeps*' w-were all wrong!"

(See footnote to "Outline of History" Part I)

BY E. T. REED

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

double ter drink, double ter die. I put it ter yer: wot's life worth ter a man ? "

Whitehall Confesses

"WHAT's life worth? Oh, about double. Value it, Bill. It can't be helped. Yet everybody's on the economy stunt. Look, for instance, at Sir Eric Geddes, who states that in the Ministry of Transport only thirty-one people are getting a £1,000 a year and war bonus." To my surprise Bill replied:

"Yus! I seen that. An' I sez it's a (purple) shime. Oh! I don't 'old with turtle-soup for the (corroded) limpets. But, I sez, a man gets £1,000 a year easy enough outside a (fertilised) Government orfice. Our managing director, the (insect), 'e mikes twice that at the yard. 'Ar, if that was drorn inter the blize of publickity!" He repeated, as if enjoying it, "into the blize of publickity! Then we'd see as the pore (gory) Government is gittin' the sweepin's as private industry won't 'ave, cos they pies sweated wages. See? I sez we wants the best men. Well, we got ter pie them."

Omnibuses

"I AM glad to see, Bill, that your heart is moved. . . ."

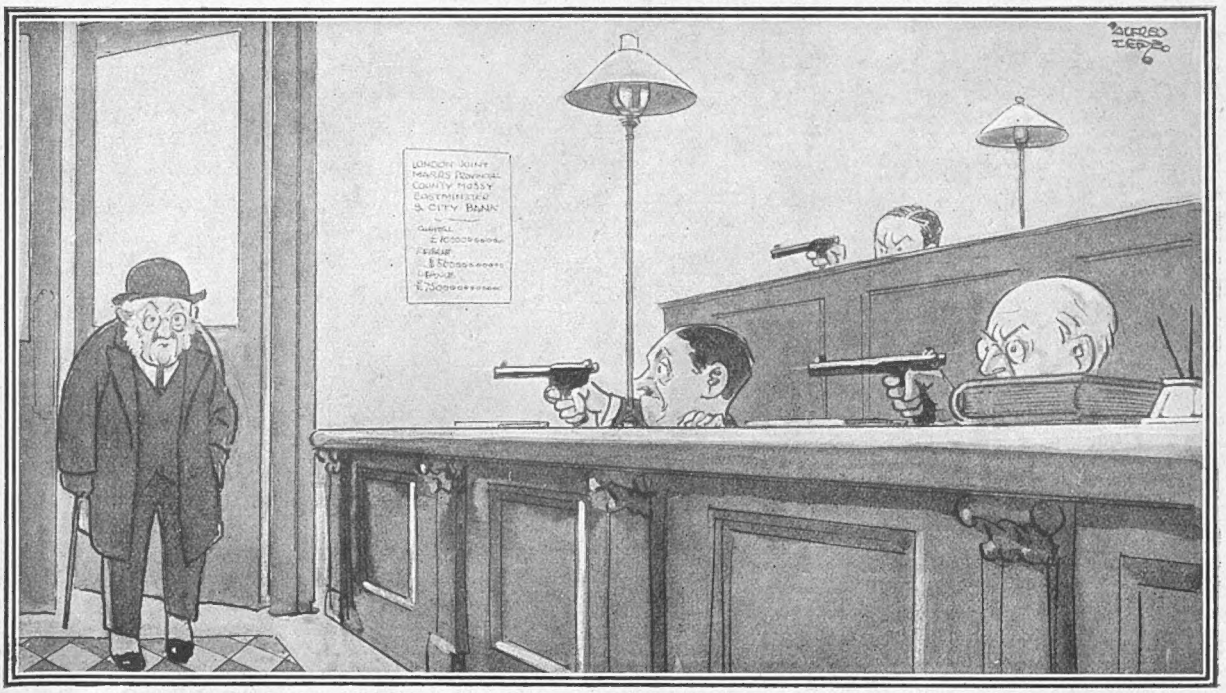
"Oo said me (flocculent) 'eart was moved? It ain't me 'eart, it's me (bulging) 'ead. Course it wouldn't occur ter the likes o' you as needs yer 'earts more than yer 'eads for the flappers in the Strand. An' it ain't that I feel that tender ter Eric an' is transport blokes. 'Aven't they started monkeyin' with the (boiling) 'buses now? I tell yer, Clarence, this 'ere spirit o' change is too much fer an ole-fashioned bloke like me as wants a raging revolution, an' the good ole wyes ter go on orl the sime. 'Aven't I bin wearin' out me (flaming) patience waitin' at the Bank for the 'Ackney 'bus as stops at Liverpool Street 'stead o' the Bank, orl along o' the (ravaged) spirit o' change! I tell yer, Clarence, if them blokes 'ud ony stop the 'buses where they used ter stop, an' get the streets unblocked, an' give us more tubes, but, mind yer, tubes as we could get inter from the kerb, I wouldn't grudge them their (rosy) salaries. I'm fer progress, I am, an' fer lettin' things alone. Contradicting meself, am I? Carn't 'elp yer troubles. I wants me (devastated) kike, an' ter eat it too."

"THE END OF THE WORLD"

This space was left open for a photograph by our Extra Special Photographer of last Wednesday's remarkable (anticipated) phenomenon. When last we heard from him (by radiogram) he was waiting, camera in hand, on the top of Mount Popocatapetl for anything that might occur

Important Notice to Readers.

THE BYSTANDER, always up-to-date, must now be aggressively so, and announce to its readers that it is obliged, by the exigencies of the high cost of production, to follow the necessary example of other weekly papers and to increase its price to one shilling. Such an unavoidable policy enables it to carry on in its usual smart way, and to continue its weekly novelties by the introduction of those fresh surprises which have made its pages famous among people of discretion in topical art and attractive literature. Beginning with the first issue of the New Year, 1920, January 7, the charge will be one shilling a copy.



A PICTURE OF A NEW CUSTOMER ENTERING A BANK

By Alfred Leete

Political Personalities in Caricature

IMPRESSIONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE HOUSE

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *December* 20, 1919

DEAR COUSIN—

MERRY Christmas! Comps. of the Season! Love and kisses! Greetings, oh! rare and refreshing, friend—and all friends.

卐 卐

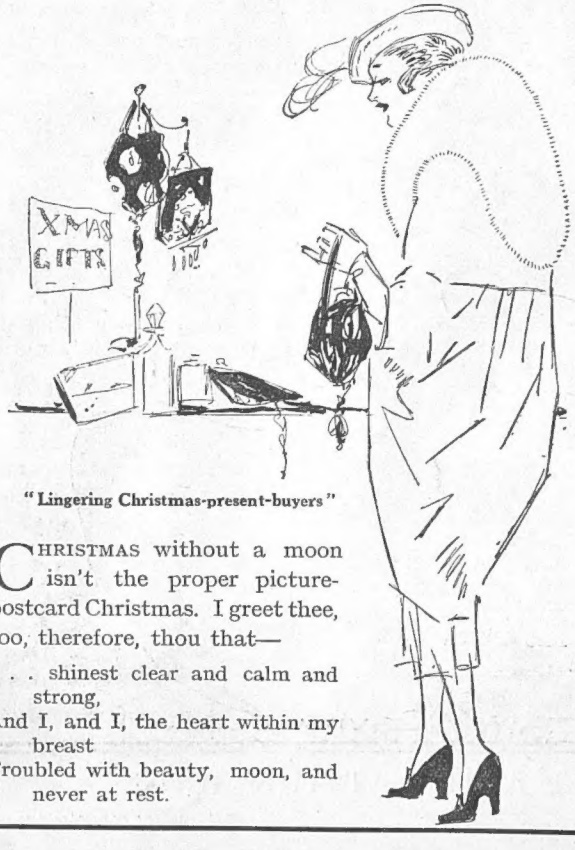
CHRISTMAS, another Christmas! What! "*Again*," as the soldier-men say. 'Xtraordinary, isn't it, the way the world fairly whirls down the milky way? Fortunately there's a moon. Only a baby one, prone upon her lovely back. But still. . . .

"Merry Christmas!"

卐 卐

ALWAYS *like* a moon, don't you, on these festive-to-order occasions? Lends a touch of poetry to an otherwise pedestrian occasion. In fact, braced myself bravely to get through Christmas week, I have, reading Squire's last and loveliest ode to "Moons I Have Seen"—

Selene, Cynthia, and Artemis,
The swift proud goddess with the silver bow,
Diana, she whose downward-bending kiss
One only knew, though all men yearned to know.
. . . . . .
By many names they knew thee, but thy shape
Was woman's always, transient and white:
A flashing huntress leaving hinds agape,
A sweet descent of beauty in the night.



"Lingering Christmas-present-buyers"

CHRISTMAS without a moon isn't the proper picture-postcard Christmas. I greet thee, too, therefore, thou that—

. . . shinest clear and calm and strong,
And I, and I, the heart within my breast
Troubled with beauty, moon, and never at rest.

Peace and goodwill. . . And the ever-young old moon is the lovely symbol of peace, of calm to the troubled, child-like heart of man.

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A CRESCENT moon in a sky powdered with little sparkling, twinkling, winking stars. . . . A little time to dine and wine. . . . A tear, a memory—for no Christmas now is like those other Christmases were. In women's hearts we pay the bitter price of War. . . . A little love, a little laughter. . . A song, a dance. . . Life goes on, and Christmas comes—and passes . .

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AND youth must be served—and Christmas is the festival of youth. Let us pull ourselves to pieces. . . . Anyway, an orgy of Christmasishness we've been holding positively for weeks here in London now. Never have the shops been so overwhelmed with business, the streets more congested with lingering Christmas-present-buyers. Where the money comes from no one knows. But come it does—so why worry? Everything's up, from mistletoe to marriage—but no one kisses less, and there's been a positive slump in weddings this autumn, anyway in those circles, the highest and the lowest, where one doesn't have to *think* to live.

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AND as for the way people have been doing the proper Christmas thing, in the way of buying presents, I mean, never has there been such a carouse, such a positive debauch of "luxury" shopping as this first Peace Christmas. From pearls to Pekinese, from pins to penwipers—and *all* at profiteering prices!—the public's fairly swept the counters clear.

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THE only people who haven't got much money to spend—now that those gratuities have silently slipped away—are, of course, the soldier-men. So *much* more paying it was, you know, to stay at home in England than foolishly to go and fight for England. No doubt about it, I'm afraid—this is the profiteers' Christmas all right. Everyone else is living up to income and over, and wondering if going bankrupt wouldn't be easier. And I forget how many of our former "heroes" are spending Christmas seeking jobs in the land that was to be "fit for them to live in."

卐 卐

EMPLOYERS, one understands, consider the ex-officer somewhat *exigeant*. Seems he's got an absurd idea into his War-swollen head that having done his best for his country, a living wage is now the least his country can do for him. Also, it has constantly to be impressed upon him that he can't

IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

expect in the Labour market, having wasted the last five years in mere battle-fighting, to stand on the same level as those more wise ones who *didn't* fight.

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POOR dear! What a world to fight for, wasn't it? Makes one agree, doesn't it, with the Bairnsfather idea—which is that in the next war we'd devise a scheme on the survival-of-the-fittest plan. "I should like to see those who have gone first in other wars wait till the end next time. . . . It is a pity, when you come to think of it, that war so callously picks out the flower of a nation's manhood—and passes over those who by various ways and wiles succeed in keeping their very unprecious skins out of battle. . . ."

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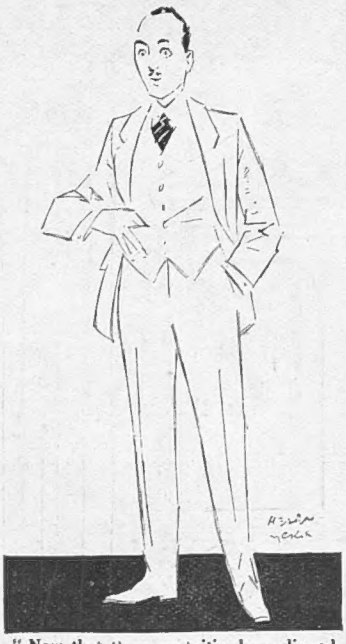
OF course, if we weren't *the* most profiteered-upon of people, what a *decent* nation would do would be to celebrate the first real Peace Christmas playing musical chairs—in other words, as Mr. George Robey would say, turning the war-profiteers out of their jobs and putting the ex-warriors into them. In even this unequal world things must be levelled up sometimes, surely, or we'll really get *too* much out of the pretty on to the rough.



"Now that those gratuities have slipped away"

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MEANTIME the business in hand is how best to celebrate the celebratory season. *Quite* in pre-war fashion, I fear, even the most-favoured of the money gods will hardly bring it off. One ounce of butter per week per person, our 1919 Christmas ration, for instance, is sheer starvation to even the least buttery. And no good cooking can be achieved, I've always heard, without eggs—and the product of the humble hen has almost disappeared from the face of the earth since Frankie Lloyd or someone "controlled" the price to a paltry sixpence.

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THE Yule log, too, may now be met, even at Christmastime, only in the most moneyed homes—where funds come preferably either out of foodstuffs or "textiles." But, as someone says, What is a Yule log, and is it worth dragging home through the snow? Is it not far better to remain indoors, and be less ambitious, and content oneself with the consolations which a bunch of mistletoe may bring?

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WHICH reminds me, my little trouble with the Welch Regiment, because I spelt their name with an "s" is clearing up nicely, thank you. One *very* nice thing, a captain hereof, writes from Woolwich, "Don't you worry, Blanche, over the burblings of my comrade *re* the regiment. Little things like that just don't count, and whoever or whatever you may be, you've certainly done the work of the umpteen people in the 'cheering up' line, both during and after the late mix-up. Here's the best of all good things to you, and may you keep on keeping on!"

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AND one rather less flattering but even more helpful says, "Not quite out of the wood *yet*, Blanche, *re* the Welsh Regiment. Welsh is correct as the official designation of the regiment. It is the 1st Battalion that clings to Welch. It adopted this spelling about the Crimean period and abandoned the *older* spelling with 's.' So there you are! Welsh was correct as applied to the regiment as a whole, but if your husband (!) belonged to the 1st Battalion, he'd insist on you writing to him as of the Welch Regiment."

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WONDER what would happen if I *didn't*? But *aren't* men amusing, anyway? *Such* sticklers for the small proprieties and things, and *so* careless about the things that really matter. Just been reading, for instance (and seeing, too, for that matter), what a marked improvement is noticeable in the young man about town since the order was issued that guardees dining in public must wear white ties and tails.

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OBSERVE at your Christmas dinner or at the dance how even the youngest and poorest presents himself duly white-waistcoated and "tailed." What did you say? Men don't mind about fashions? No, they don't, do they?—Happy Christmas,

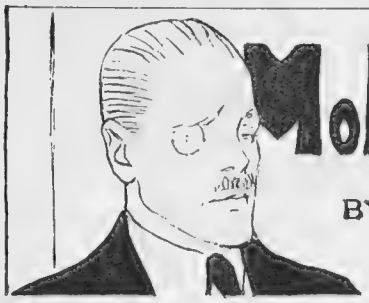
With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

"Presents himself duly white-waistcoated and 'tailed'"

Temples of Terpsichore: No. III. "The Select"

Nearly every dance-club claims that much abused adjective "select." Needless to say, they don't all deserve it. The type of afternoon dance-club illustrated above, however, is one of those that does. All the "best people" frequent it, don't you know!

BY HELEN McKIE



MONOCLE MONOLOGUES.

BY H. COLLINSON OWEN.

DRAWINGS BY HIGGINS.

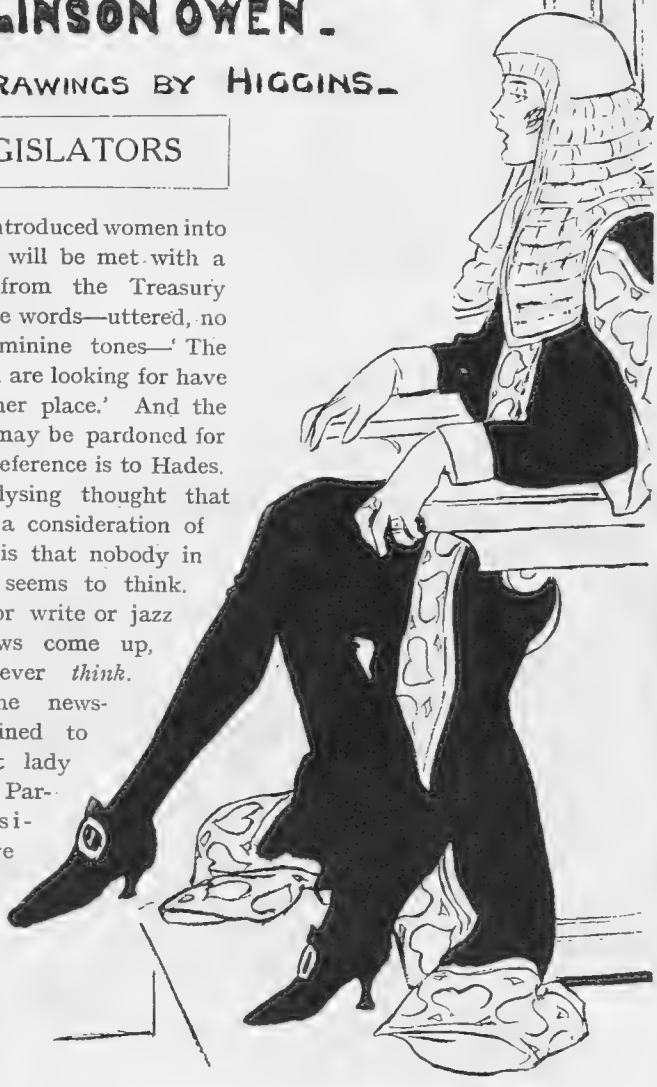
No. IX.—REGGIE ON LADY LEGISLATORS

"THE public, at any rate," I ventured, "seems in every way pleased with the innovation of women in Parliament. And if that is so . . ."

"Why, then, my dear chap," said Reggie, "look out for trouble. Newspaper proprietors may know what the public wants, but the public never does—until afterwards. The dear, patient public just swallows what is given it. Colour its medicine pink, pour in a few leading articles of a syrupy consistency, add a Lloyd George peroration, and the public will put out its tongue for the Parliamentary family doctor until further orders. It never has the foggiest notion that he is a quack until he has given up his practice and retired, stiff with honours, to what is called in the House of Commons 'another place.' By now, having tumbled to him, the public may put its tongue out *at* him, but being now independent of the Voice of the People, he, of course, does not understand such a vulgar gesture.

"At present the dear old public is hugging the latest Parliamentary stunt to its breast with all the innocent delight of a small boy cuddling its latest Teddy bear. It little knows that it is really cherishing a viper, and that one day the Teddy Bear will turn and rend it. The first Lady M.P. is the thin end of a wedge which will one day split this country in twain and make man look wonderingly down at his nether garments, and wonder if he's really got 'em on. But the public hasn't awakened to this yet awhile, and probably won't for another General Election or two. It is still bemused and muzzy with the Parliamentary soothing syrup. And by the time it has rubbed the dope from its eyes and is looking, with a club, for the men who introduced women into Parliament, it will be met with a bland smile from the Treasury Bench and the words—uttered, no doubt, in feminine tones—'The gentlemen you are looking for have gone to another place.' And the plain elector may be pardoned for thinking the reference is to Hades.

"The paralysing thought that besets me in a consideration of this question is that nobody in this country seems to think. They'll talk or write or jazz until the cows come up, but they never *think*. The way the newspapers combined to hurl the first lady member into Parliament positively gave me the creeps. It's so uncanny to see people rushing to destruction and not be able to put out a finger to save 'em. It's bad enough on the films, but it's a sight more trying in real life. To see the little victims at play, all unconscious of their doom; to see 'em turnin' out their gentle leading articles, little knowing that they were forging their own fetters and putting the fulminate in the bombs that some day will blow them out of their editorial chairs—all this affected me deeply. Not one single, husky masculine voice was raised against the greatest constitutional change since the day King John toed the line by the waters of Runnymede. And when the horrid tragedy was consummated by Balfourian blandness and Lloyd-Georgian geniality, with a so-called masculine House of Commons looking on like beaming cherubim in an Old Master—well, 'pon me soul, I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.



"The ladies have their sweet eyes on man's last ditch"

"And nobody yet sees the writing on the wall. The Ancients went to war for a lady's smile. The British Empire won the War, and is prepared to throw it all away on a lady's hat. For the sake of introducing a little millinery into the sombre atmosphere of the House of Commons our glad legislators are ready to juggle with the destinies of a nation. To think that this country, which ten years ago looked with horror on the idea of mixed bathing, now lightly embarks on

the fatal path of a mixed Talking Shop!

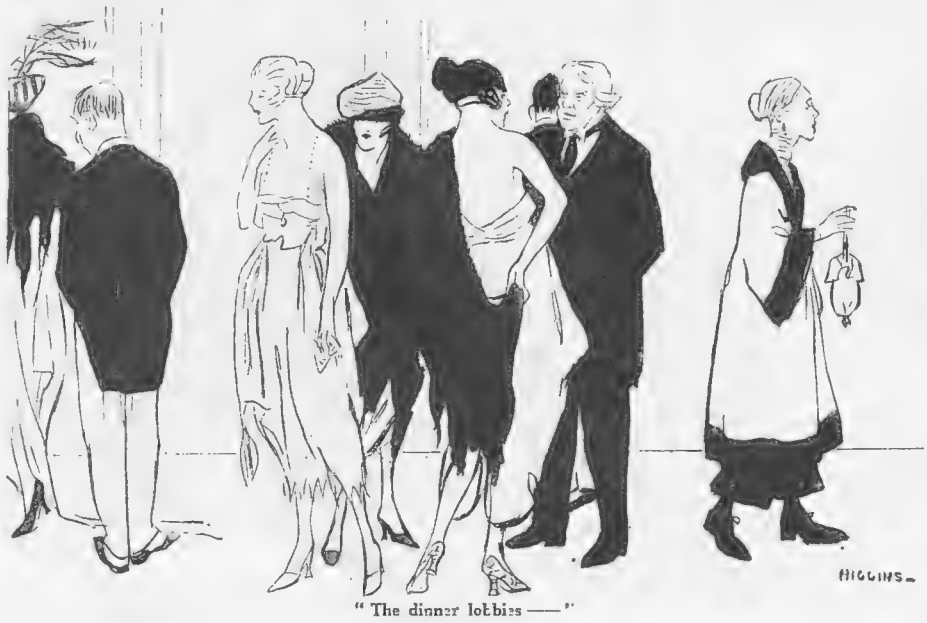
"It's quite pleasant for the time being, of course. Our 1st Lady Member's arrival in the House and her public activities since that moment have provided the public with quite a cheery sensation. But think of the tears of chagrin with which our immediate descendants will look back on these days, and their anguish when they think of the light-hearted way in which their fathers cast them, gagged and bound, to the lionesses! 'Were they mad,' they will cry, 'or was it merely war strain?' Whatever conclusion they come to, the judgment of posterity will be very harsh and rude. Heaven knows what particular form of bad language will be current then, but they'll certainly be using it.

"The average fathead of to-day, if faced with this grave question, would probably answer, 'Why make a fuss about one Lady M.P.?' But that's not the point. One swallow does not make a square meal, I'll admit, but the first Lady M.P. who tripped up the floor of the House, blew a kiss to the Speaker and chirruped to the assembled legislative guys, is only the first of flocks of 'em. Before long they'll come flying in by every window. The time isn't far distant when the mere male member on entering the Sacred Chamber will instinctively smooth his hair, pull down his tie, and wonder what he can say in the way of social back-chat to the fair members on his right and left. Up to now the hired M.P. has tilted his hat forwards to his nose, folded his arms across his chest, and tried to look as stern and legislative as his conscience and his sense of humour would let him. But in future he'll have to assume the airs of the Bright Boy at Five O'clock Tea, discuss the relative merits of Henry Ainley and Carpentier, and take as much interest in his waistcoats as in workmen's dwellings.

"It may be pleasant for certain of our more frivolous members, but I don't think it will help in framing the laws of this ancient country. But already there are signs that it is coming. From all quarters we learn that the ladies have their sweet eyes on what was man's last ditch. So far they all seem to belong to the ranks of the War Peerage, which seems to me to show an abnormal appetite. With a husband recently elected to the House of Lords one would think that the family would be satisfied, and not unloose My Lady on to the Commons. It's having the best of both worlds at the rate-payers' expense."

"But some of these ladies, Reggie, are very earnest people. Their aim is——"

"Earnest, my lad. They're all in deadly earnest. Their aim, amongst other things, is to turn St. Stephen's into an annexe to Vanity Fair. Why have lady reporters already been placed there? Simply to note the fashions. So far they haven't much to practise on, but the time will come when the world will hang on the official hat and dress reports of Hansard. The grand ladies with so-called political leanings are really only tired of the power wielded by our popular actresses. They don't see why the current week's fashions should be set in the West End theatres. They're going to invade the House, and put it across the world with all the authority of Parliament. The Inner Lobbies will become such a mannequins' parade as Hanover Square and the Rue de la Paix never dreamed of.



"The dinner lobbies——"

The sight of London in the season will be our sweet and gracious legislators *frou-frouing* into a night sitting, wearing everything that a War fortune can buy 'em. The prospect as seen from the enlarged public galleries will make Covent Garden on a Caruso night seem like a servants' ball. Lloyd George will make the speech of his life on something or other, and when the newspapers are brought to his bedside next morning by his ninth secretary he'll find that he has been crowded out to make room for a four-column description of the gowns worn by the Front Opposition Bench. And serve him jolly well right. That's his particular Nemesis, and not ours.

"I assure you I can see all sorts of dreadful things coming. The Labour Members' wives will want to be in the movement sooner or later. And do you think they'll be content to sit in skirt and blouse next to the gorgeous raiment carried with a negligent air by my Lady Fitz-Boodle, M.P.? Do you think they'll stand for never being mentioned in the columns of the official fashion reporteresses? Not on your life. Hell holds no fury like a woman whose hat wilts before her neighbour's. They'll become Bolshevettes to a woman, and the Speaker may ring his bell

(Continued on page 1048)

The Skater's Paradise

ST. MORITZ AWAKES IN ALL HER PRE-WAR GLORY

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SKATING RINK TAKEN THIS YEAR

or blow his horn or whatever he does on these occasions, but if they don't rip the inside out of Parliament one of these nights I'll eat my old field boots.

"I wouldn't have his new job for something. Fancy trying to hold in leash the class antipathies of a House three-quarters full of women? Fancy trying to intervene between the swelling plebeian indignation of Mrs. Eliza Bloggs, M.P., and the haughty, cutting scorn of the Lady Ursula Grammercy, M.P.! Can't you see his bland remonstrances falling off the quarrel like water off a duck's back? Poor man! And when the Speaker, at his wit's end, fires his pistol to summon the Sergeant-at-Arms and his merry men to remove the recalcitrant ladies, can't you see 'em clinging to the benches and shrieking out, from sheer force of old habits, that they won't go away until Women have the Vote? 'Pon me soul, it makes me shiver to think of it. And the newspapers will have a headline next morning, "Painful Scene in Parliament.' And our political leaders of to-day, if they have any sense of shame, will tar and feather themselves for having done it.

"But, alas! this is not the worst. I foresee even more dreadful things. So far no breath of scandal has touched the hallowed precincts of our most august institution. Whatever an M.P. has done in the way of kicking over the traces he has had to do in the moments when he wasn't legislating. But now at any moment love and legislation may become all mixed up. It will produce some curious results. You may see in the newspapers: 'Leader of Opposition Elopes with Colonial Secretary,' or 'Prime Minister's Husband as Co-Respondent.' And think of the scandal in the subsequent proceedings when it is revealed that during the whole of the progress of the Golf Courses for Scottish Crofters Bill respondent and co-respondent were holding hands! What would Scotland say? Or suppose it came out that the guilty romance began in the Division Lobby at the time of the Old Wives' Gin Act, and that fuel was added to the flames by constant teas on the Terrace? The country would be stirred to its depths to think that its paid legislators of both sexes received £400 a year to indulge, not in vituperative debate, but in amorous dialogue. Poor old Parnell looked for his adventures far from St. Stephen's, but he found himself politically scuppered all the same. So what would happen to the budding statesman who first found his Kitty walking to the Members Entrance across Palace Yard? He would be lucky to escape poleaxing. There are some things too sacred to be tampered with, and the fair name of Parliament is one of 'em."

"But, Reggie, you are taking the blackest possible view of things. On the contrary, the presence of lady members in Parliament will probably mean . . . ."

"Alas! I know better. The classic phrase of 'in the Division on so-and-so twelve members paired' has in the past meant nothing, even to the most horrid minded. But the future—well, well, what *will* the Proletariat say!"

"THE KISS"

A Zoological dream of Utopia—to come, perhaps!

By L. R. Brightwell

What We May Expect—

—When the House again resumes Session

BY H. K. ELCOCK

A Promising Recruit

IN THE RANKS OF THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA

Photograph MISS MAY WARD *Claude Harris*

Who has been playing Miss Dorothy Dix's part in "The Bird of Paradise" at the Lyric Theatre during the latter's recent indisposition. This is her first real "lead" in London, though she was very successful not long ago in "Damaged Goods." Miss Ward will be leading lady in "The Bird of Paradise" when it goes on tour.

REPARATION

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is announced as a translation of Tolstoy's work, picturesquely named "The Live Corpse," which, for its simple directness of title, certainly beats our own classic, "Maria Martin, or The Murder in the Red Barn." It tells the sordid story of an unhappy degenerate, and gives Mr. Ainley the opportunity of showing us a remarkable study of that kind of person as he goes from bad to worse. In the story, Mr. Ainley is Fedya and Miss Athene Seyler is Lisa his wife. And the first thing we know is that Lisa is weeping because Fedya has spent all his own money and hers as well, and has left her and her baby in order to take up with a gipsy girl of the name of Masha. If the old-fashioned burlesques had a vogue to-day, the strenuous punsters of yore would have the time of their lives in renaming the characters in this play.

LISA wants Fedya to come back to her. This is genuine. It is not at all the kind of thing you read in your paper every morning nowadays, in which a last appeal is made to hubby to come back home, coupled with the silent hope that he knows too much to do anything so tactless. Lisa's mother does not like Fedya. (I have read somewhere before about a woman who did not like her daughter's husband.) She ridicules the idea of weeping for a brute like that, and being a plain practical person, suggests that Lisa should divorce the fellow and marry Victor Karenin, who has loved her from the very first. Victor is quite willing to marry the girl, but, being a good conscientious sort of chap, he sincerely tries to reconcile husband and wife before resorting to extreme measures.

THEN we get a sight of Fedya. He is in a gipsy's house, and he is flinging his money at the gipsy's friends to encourage them to go on singing their characteristic songs, which are balm to his heart. In between the songs he cuddles Masha on a settee; and when she herself gets up to sing he goes and has another drink as though to fortify himself for the ordeal. As a matter of fact, Masha is represented by Miss Alice Moffat, whose singing is distinctly agreeable. While the entertainment is at its height, somebody comes to say that there is a gentleman to see Fedya—and he must be a real gentleman because he is wearing a fur coat. When the laughter that greets this brilliant sally has died away, the gentleman comes into the room. He proves to be Victor Karenin, who has come to make a last appeal to Fedya to return to his home and his wife. But Fedya

is not having any. He has gone over to the gipsies for keeps, and if Victor wants to marry Lisa, Fedya would be the last person in the world to interfere.

It is then proposed that Lisa shall apply for a divorce so that she can marry Victor, since she is now reconciled to her fate. But then we have a little surprise. Victor's mother (a singularly charming performance by Miss Marion Terry) explains to the young people that, absurd though it may seem in these days, she has religious scruples, and will not sanction the marriage of her son with a divorced woman. But just as Victor won Lisa over to his way of thinking so he wins his mother from her first decision. The mother will consent to the marriage if the divorce can be arranged, and Prince Sergius, an old friend of the family, sets out for Fedya's new home to discuss the matter with him.

Fedya is now distinctly down in the world. He lives in a miserable attic, and, although he tries to write poetry for a living, his chief occupation is obviously that of drinking ardent spirits. When Prince Sergius finds him he is in a distinctly soggy state, even though he manages throughout the interview to maintain the air of a man of breeding. He would be most happy to do anything to meet his wife's wishes, as he quite realises that he has now passed out of her world, but he could not under any circumstances face the odious formalities of the divorce court. Apparently in the Russia of old there was far more ceremony about getting divorced than there is with us to-day. As I understand our own procedure, it is simplicity itself. On the day on which your wife is divorcing you in the Courts, you just go away for a bit of golfing or fishing, and at dinner time your lawyer 'phones you that you are now an eligible bachelor again, and that his bill follows by the next post.

No one regrets more than Fedya the trouble he is causing everybody. All that he

knows, however, is that he is sliding down hill and has not the power to stop himself. And he knows also that he must go lower yet. Once, casting about him for a means of setting his wife free, he picks up a revolver and presses the muzzle against his temple; and then he moans that he is no longer gentleman enough to do even that. About that time Masha comes to him in his den and is shocked to hear that he has been contemplating suicide. If he wants to help his wife by being officially dead, all he need do will be to leave an old suit of clothes on the river bank, and then write to his wife and say that by the time she gets these few lines he will become a dem'd, damp, moist, unpleasant body. And when Lisa gets this letter in due course she weeps for Fedya and marries Victor, thus, as it were, dividing her favours equally.

MR. AINLEY'S study of the poor creature sinking lower and lower, and yet clinging to the remnant of his soul to the last, is an exceptionally brilliant piece of work, but it is, of course, depressingly morbid. In the last act we see Fedya in what is described as a "low-class restaurant," where the brands of both the wine and the women are equally inferior. It is here that he gives away his secret. He is supposed to be dead, and on the strength of that supposition his wife has married again; but he is not dead, and he is very badly in want of money. Then one of his frowsy companions suggests that he should come to life officially again, and reap a golden harvest by blackmailing his wife. Fedya springs at the fellow with a cry of a wounded beast, and dragging him across the room, smashed a bottle of wine on his head. He has sunk deep enough, yet not so deep as that.

NEVERTHELESS, the secret leaks out, and Lisa is duly brought before the examining magistrate, and all sorts of evidence is called with the idea of proving that she knew her husband was alive after all, and was paying him liberally to lie low and say nuffin'. About this time Fedya finds his soul again for a long enough interval to enable him to finish the shooting job he had not the pluck to carry out in the second act, and that's that. A remarkable study of a decadent poet, named Ivan Petrovitch, is given by Mr. Claude Rains, whose clever make-up is almost painfully realistic. *Reparation* is, no doubt, a fine piece of work in all respects, but I think for choice I should like to go and see something jollier another time. JINGLE.

Christmas in Rhineland

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

THIS will be the first real Christmas in Germany for most Occupiers, when we can realise that Peace on earth is a fact—at any rate in Rhineland. Last Christmas we were not quite sure of that, having been barely a fortnight in occupation, and one or two kindly old souls, our compulsory hosts and hostesses, little knew how near to disaster their well-meant, if ill-timed, Christmas greetings brought them. When one had just taken up one's abode in the mansion of some retired merchant prince, prepared to let the Hun learn by personal experience exactly how an invader s ould behave (as demonstrated by his compatriots in France and Belgium), it did rather cramp one's style to find flowers and a "Fröhliche Weinacht!" card by one's bedside on Christmas Eve!

IF we have a more peaceful Christmas, it will probably be a less entertaining one. That fine old after-dinner sport of holding up and inspecting the passes of too-well-dined Colognials, which amused some of the gayer spirits of last year, will not be so attractive now that the circulation hours have been lengthened from nine to twelve, and that our authorities have frowned upon the activities of these very special constables. The Air Force are no longer with us in sufficient numbers now to pay a crowning tribute to the Kaiserdenkmal in the Hohenzollern Ring as it was paid last December, as all Occupiers will remember. Still, it is something to know that there will be no transport difficulties and ration problems this year, and that even though we must pay for our own Christmas puddings, the great turkey question will not cause the heart-burnings that it did in 1918. Those were stirring days, when the air was filled with conflicting rumours as to the prospects of a bird for dinner. Strong, stern Britishers were so affected when they found their mess without one that it is rumoured that some were driven to seek consolation in fraternisation, while the enormous rush of officers seeking demobilisation last January is attributed in some cases to a Christmas dinner of bully and biscuits.

ON December 5, "Nikolaus" paid his customary visit to Cologne, and great was the excitement when, in a certain dimly lit side street, the mystic jingling of bells announced the holy man's presence in the vicinity. Several youthful Boschlets, who had been singing an old Kölsch couplet proclaiming their disbelief in the "Heilige Mann's" advent, suddenly scattered in all directions. Out of a taxi (the reindeers having no doubt been eaten during the blockade!) came the old gentleman himself, resembling very closely our own Father Christmas, with the exception that in addition to the basket of bonbons and "Keks" on his right arm, his left hand carried a half-concealed birch! Behind him stalked a gaunt black man, Hans Muff, carrying a sack at present full of goodies, but capable of being put to a far more terrible use. They disappeared into a house where a merry children's party was in progress, and voices were hushed as Nikolaus began his awesome catechism of the parents as to the children's behaviour during the past year.

"The Air Force." (Balloon Section)

On its result depends his award, either of gingerbread men and goodies, or of a few strokes from his "Rute," whilst the worst children of all are put into the sack by Hans Muff, who carries them off to Amerongen, Lord Northcliffe, Mr. Lloyd George, or wherever it is that bad Germans go.

THIS serious business being over, Nikolaus collects the lists of what is wanted at Christmas, and departs. If the children have been moderate in their demands, the Christ-kind arrives on December 24 to fulfil them—and all wise children put a lump of sugar on the window-sill for his donkey to eat while the gifts are being distributed. In spite of the shortage of most eatables in Germany, it will be easier to procure the necessary sugar in Cologne than it would be in London, and despite the cost, great efforts will be made to do so; for there is no knowing what a disappointed Esel might do were he greeted with a compressed saccharine tablet! ERIC GORDON.

"The Great Turkey Question"

Out!!

—AND MAY HE NEVER BE "CALLED UP" AGAIN!

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Princip
Personalities in the

MISS JENNY BENSON
Principal boy in "Aladdin" at the Kennington Theatre

MISS DOREEN DEARING
Who will be principal girl in "Dick Whittington" at the Lyceum

MISS JESSIE FRASER
Who will play principal boy in "Cinderella" at the Grand Theatre, Croydon

MISS GABRIELLE RAY
To be principal girl in "Cinderella" at the Prince's Theatre, Bradford

als All Coming Pantomimes

MISS MONA VIVIAN
To play the title-rôle in "Aladdin" at Leeds

MISS MARIE BLANCHE
Principal boy in the forthcoming Drury Lane pantomime, "Cinderella"

MISS RENÉE MAYER
To play Wendy in "Peter Pan" at the New Theatre

MISS LOTTIE COLLINS
To play the title-rôle in "Robinson Crusoe" at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh

Photographs by Foulsham & Banfield and Bassano

"FINISH THE JOB FOR YOU, SIR?"
By O. Cunningham

The Record

("I have not disguised my opinion . . . as to the . . . necessity for more submarines . . . or we shall be caught with our breeches down.")—
Lord Fisher in "The Times."

Oh, Mariner of England,
Oh, Fisher of our seas,
Whose fist has waved for years and years,
And then writes "Memories."
With thunders from your latest book
The dams shall overflow,
For you roar even more
In your "Records," don't you know,
Where the prattle rages loud and long,
And the stormy words like "Blow!"

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start at every joke,
For *The Times* it was their "voice of God,"
But you all Records broke
When Steed and mighty Northcliffe fell,
And let that sentence go,
That they ought to have caught
Us "with our breeches down," and so
We hope you meant to "brace us up"
With your stormy words like "Blow!"

Harford Worlock.

DISTRESSING POSITION OF MISS KATHLEEN PAN
(Playing "Puss" in "Dick Whittington" at the Diddlesex Hippodrome), who has just received her "call" to "go on"
—and kill dozens of "property" rats!

By R. Brightwell

Encore La Grêve!

THE STRIKE OF THE GHOSTS FOR BETTER HOURS

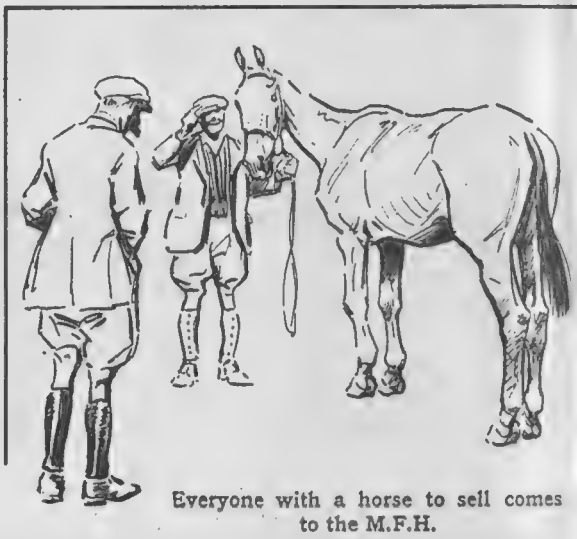
BY HEATH ROBINSON

The M.F.H. and

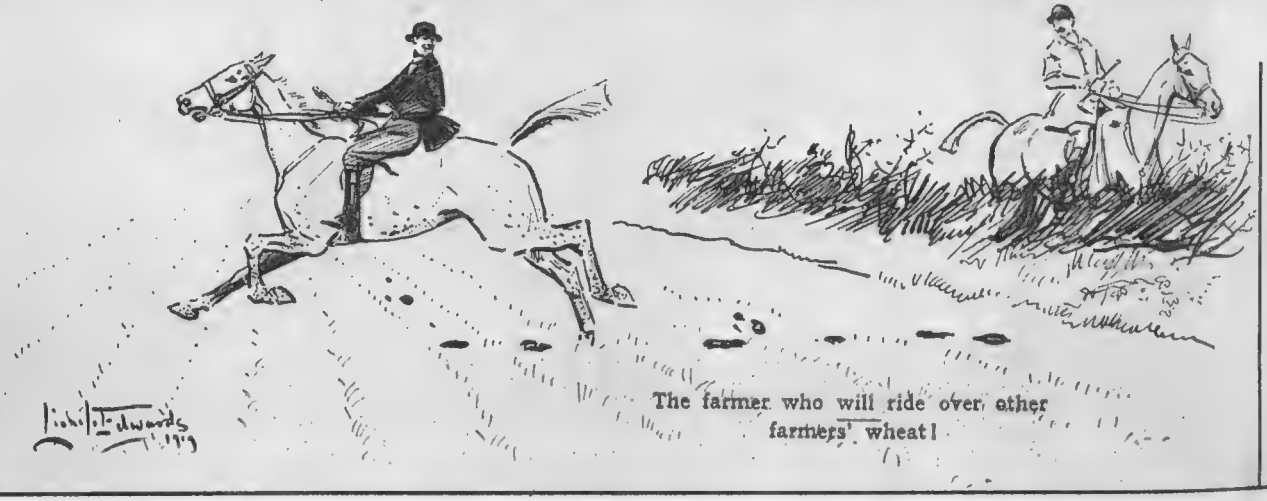
The morning post.
Oh! dreaded hour!

Pay, Pay, Pay. Poultry claims.

Restricted country.
Shooting tenant. "Always delighted to see hounds after Xmas!"



Everyone with a horse to sell comes to the M.F.H.



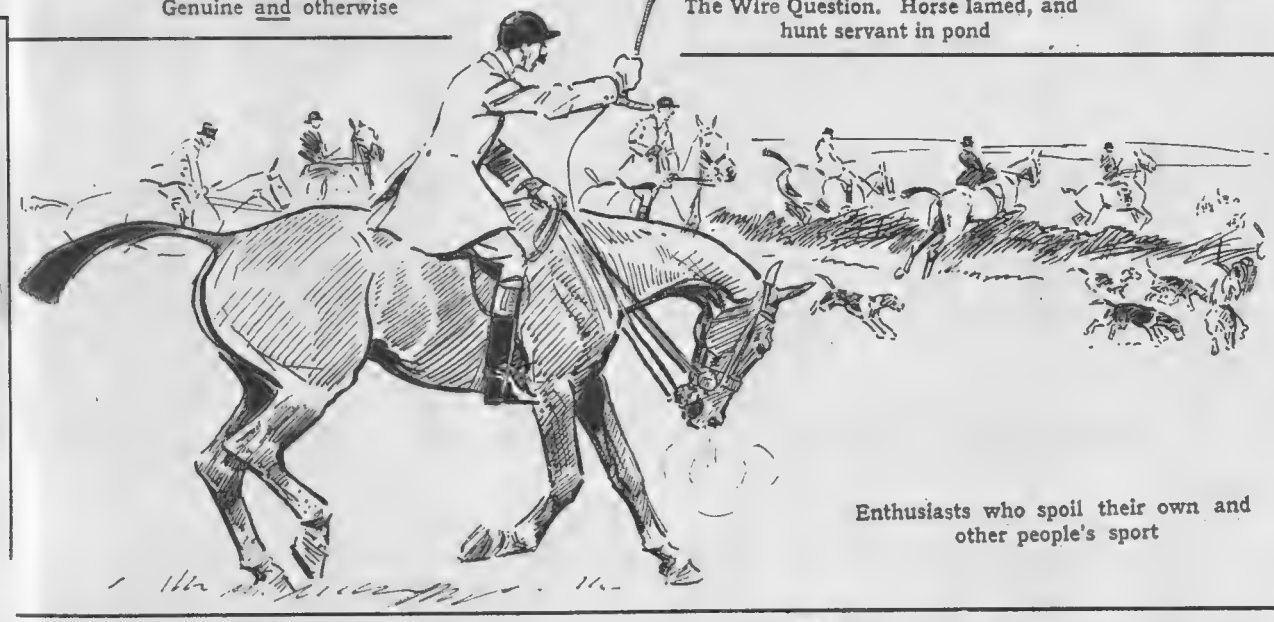
The farmer who will ride over other farmers' wheat!

John Jorrocks wrote: "Of all situations under the sun, none is more enviable, or more 'on to an M.F.H.?" Our artist shows that there is an

d His Troubles

Genuine and otherwise

The Wire Question. Horse lamed, and hunt servant in pond



Enthusiasts who spoil their own and other people's sport

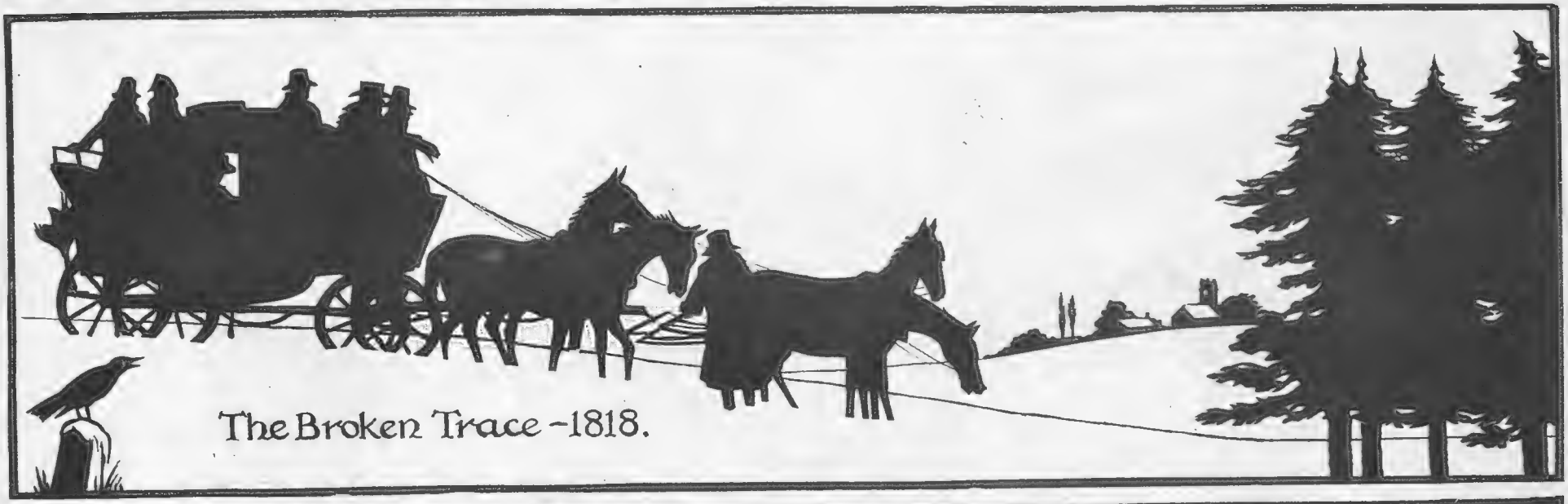
"Shut that gate"

Trying to please all the Hunt Committee!

nerable, than that of Master of Foxhounds! Talk of an M.P.! Vot's an M.P. compared nother side to the office of Master of Foxhounds

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

"Homeward Bound on Christmas Eve"



BY H. L. OAKLEY

The Bystander IN PARIS

"L'AU REVOIR D'AGNÈS" *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

To you all I send my best wishes for the Christmas and next year. For me it goes to be, I think, the happiest Christmas of all, because it is, as I have written last week, I go to marry. Never again will I wear, as I have done this year, the bonnet of Sainte Catherine. It is strange, the emotion to engage oneself. One day I have read in the *Figaro* and *Excelsior* the so funny notice we always make in France when there is an engagement:

"*On annonce les fiançailles de Mlle. Agnès—fille du feu Colonel—avec le capitaine René d'Esteral, décoré de la Légion d'Honneur, Croix de Guerre*, etc."

AND when I have read it I have thought: "Is it that that girl is me?" Perhaps it is that everyone feels like that, except the men. At least, when I have asked René if he thought that it was us he said, "*J'espère bien*, because it is you I wish to marry." I do not know of what I will write to you this week, because you know it is difficult when one has the head all turned with the emotions. René has said: "Tell them about me," so, you see, he is conceited, like all the men. There is of him only a little I will tell. He is of our beautiful country of the Haute Marne, and when we marry we will live again very often there where I love, and this I will tell, that there are four times he has been wounded in the War, and, though it is not much that I have ever written of him, he has been my special *filleul* all the long time.

SINCE I have told you last week that I go to marry him I have sometimes thought you will have laughed, because there is often that I have written in these two years how it was the best life to work hard to make of one's art a success, and you have thought: "That poor French girl, Agnès! *Voila!* she is like all the others. She says she will make a career, and at once, when someone says 'I love you,' *elle s'en va.*" But it is with what my uncle has said when he has come to congratulate me that I make my answer: "*Ma chère*, the marriage is at the worst an experience that everyone should have."

IN France we make so much a fuss of the *fiançailles*, and there is so much that one must do, that it is sometimes I have wished that one was not of the *monde*, and could walk one morning to the *Mairie*, and say, "*Monsieur le Maire*, will you please marry us," like they do in the Quartier Latin.

"When someone says 'I love you'"

ALREADY, and it is only one week that we are engaged, we have so much eaten of the banquets of the relations of both of us that we go to be ill, and there are so many letters that one must write. It is of the congratulations of my cousin Édouard, who has been always my good friend, that I have the best souvenir. He has

"It is difficult when one has the head all turned with the emotion."

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

the affectation to be very lazy, and always he telephones because it is easier than to write.

IN the morning someone has told me "One telephones," and when I have listened it has been the voice of Édouard. "*C'est toi Agnès?*" he has demanded. "*Oui.*" Then he has said: "If they had elected me deputy would you have married me?" "*Mais non, mon ami,*" I have made the reply. "Not even if you had been deputy."

"Ah!" he has said, "then I am so glad that they have not elected me deputy."

TO-DAY it is that I have the quiet hour to write my letter to you, because René is gone with my brother Frédéric to the *Notaire* to arrange all the so complicate business of the *dot* that my father has given to me in his will, and I have told to Léonie that she must say I am not *chez moi*. It is so complicate, the business of the *dot*, that *Monsieur le Notaire* will enjoy it very much, but I have sympathy for my poor *fiancé*, and already there are five times that Frédéric has said, "*Peste*, I am glad that it is not every day that one has to arrange a marriage."

AND now it is too much that I have written about an affair of so small importance as that I am engaged when it has been of our politics and the great battles and the Bertha and the Gothas that I have written in the past. You will say, "This Agnès is dull to write so much of her own affairs. It is of the gay life of Paris that we wish now to hear." You have reason, my friends.

SINCE over two years it has been so much my pleasure to write my letters to you in THE BYSTANDER and to tell you of our life of Paris. But now it is that I cannot write any more. To-morrow we go to visit the mother of René in the country, and then there will be so much to do to get married—the *belles robes* to buy and the beautiful things. [Suddenly it is my dreadful thought how they will be all so dear. For that it is not certainly the moment to get married.]

"'Mais non, mon ami,' I have made the reply"

AND so it will be that I shall be too busy to write my letter till at least a little time. It is the first *au revoir* of my marriage that I make to you, and a little it makes me sad. We have been good friends, the English and French, in these two years., and to my husband when he is *méchant*—all the husbands are sometimes *méchant*—I will tell how I have made sacrifice of your friendship and of my career to write, in order that I might marry him. But then I know how he will put his head to the side, and say, without ever to be cross, "*Tiens, tiens*, how I must be worth a lot." And I will laugh because you know one is like that, and then it will be true.

AGAIN it is for the Christmas and the New Year I wish you "Cheerio!" and perhaps it will be that my *au revoir* will not be for long.

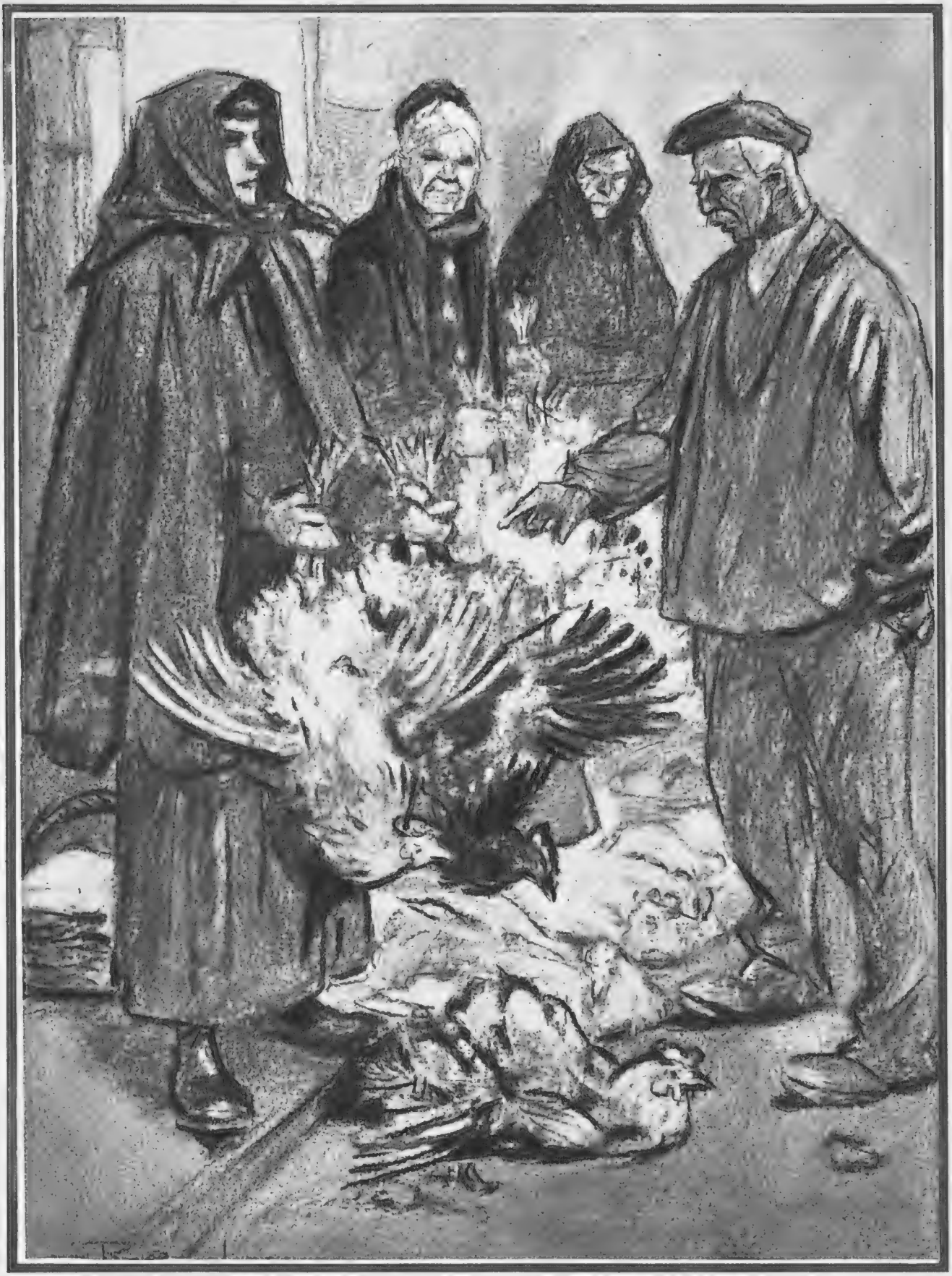
Your friend always,

AGNÈS

P.S.—It is my friend Philippe who goes to write my letter. *C'est un beau garçon* who will tell you funny tales.

"Cheerio!"

Our Artist in the Sunny South



IN THE BASSES-PYRÉNÉES: THE CHICKEN MARKET

"My dear girl, if you don't give me credit when I buy your chickens, I can just as well eat some of my own!"

BY LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

The Perils

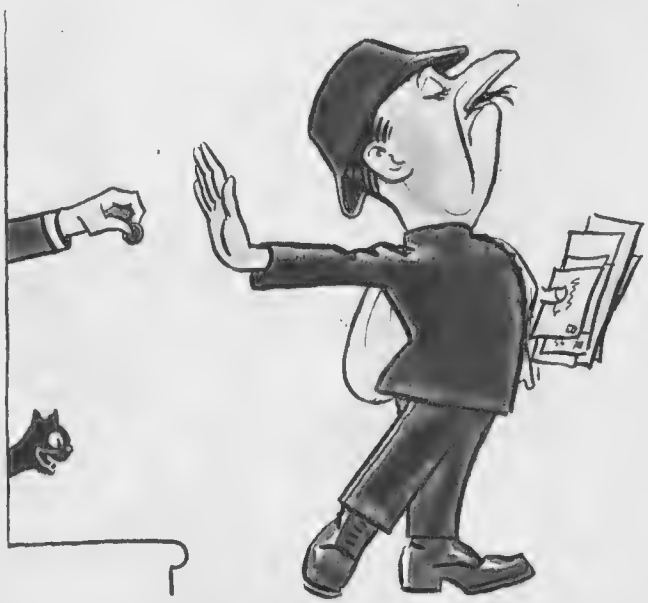
VERSES BY REGINALD ARKELL

I

Comrade Cramp, that excellent bloke,
Who looks on Strikes as the crowning joke,
Was telling the chaps, when he called them out,
That the Press were liars, without a doubt.
One Labour Leader would soon decamp
If the papers published the truth of Cramp.

II

That mother's sister's aunt's policeman's friend,
Who told us when the war was going to end,
Would earn our thanks if he would but impart
When the next jolly war is going to start.



III

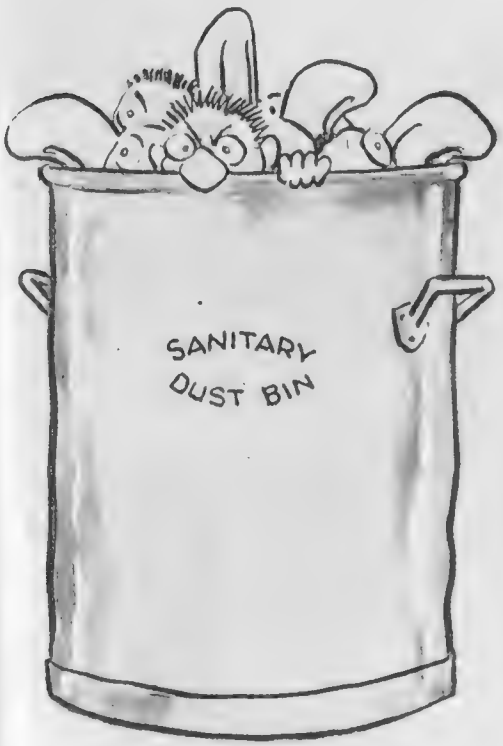
The postmen, cheery harbingers of ill,
Who bang upon the door and—leave a bill,
Announce that it would be undignified
To take gratuities at Christmastide.
The Waiters' Union will be striking next.
Don't tip the dustman, or he may be vexed!

# of Peace

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED LEETE

IV

We used to say, "When there's an end to slaughter
The papers will be duller than ditch-water."
And now we find that we were wrong—of course,
We had forgotten all about Divorce!



V

A book of verse—the stuff I mean
You'll *find* in any magazine,
A loaf of bread—the standard sort;
A flask of wine—Australian port.
And thou—another fellow's mate—
That's Omar Khayyám, up to date.

VI

Now England is a dustbin,
And on it you will find
The strangest lot of rubbish shot
By folk of every kind.
The Briton in his blindness
Can't see beyond his nose,
And that is why he doesn't try
To end it, I suppose.

Our England was a garden,
As Kipling used to say,
Until we knew the comic crew
That pull the strings to-day.
No names, no blooming pack-drill,
But still, I cannot see
Why such a crowd should be allowed
To rule the likes of me.

POLITICS: Business Governors

By "FITZWILLIAM"

It seems a long time since 1912, when Mr. Bottomley was agitating for a business Government. Since then, a business Government has faced the terrible job of running a European War. It ran it badly, but any Government would have run it badly. We expected too much, because the word "business" Government brings up rather too simple a conception. The commonplace man says: "Let us have a general to run the Army, a banker to run the Exchequer, etc." It sounds all right, but, in practice, the general proves himself incapable of understanding or thinking of anything but the Army, while the banker is blind to all save finance. In the end one is glad to exchange them for a barrister, or even an ex-civil servant.

A MODERN DIOGENES

VISITOR *(being shown round distillery)*: "Gee! Do you ever have any empties to spare?"

MANAGER: "What for? A water butt?"

VISITOR: "Water butt! No! To live in!"

By Thomas Henry

The old way of governing, which put into power amiable country gentlemen and eloquent lawyers, endowed them with clever young secretaries to tell them what to say, and with grey-haired civil servants to tell them what not to say, worked fairly well up to 1880 or so. Then Labour began to rise; the Sheffield ironworks grew more important than the south country wheat fields. The lawyers and the country gentlemen proved unsuited to the new situation. They understood neither commerce nor industry. They didn't like them. Their universities had done nothing to interest them in those subjects.

Then the War came. At first the Civil Service, with Mr. Asquith's politicians, tried to run the War. The Civil Service was honest, hard-working, fair-minded, but it had small ideas. It feared the word "million," and all drastic measures, such as conscription; it tried to keep the War respectable. So 1916 came; with it, Mr. Lloyd George and the hordes of Liverpool, Cardiff, Birmingham, and Leeds.

The business men took over, and proved unpopular, mainly owing to their manners. For instance, on November 30, the *Sunday Times* said, "If a month or so ago one had put the question: Who was the most unpopular member of the House of Commons? The answer would have come pat from everybody—Sir Eric Geddes." The *Sunday Times* went on to say that Sir Auckland is worse, but no doubt the unpopularity of Sir Eric Geddes arises from the brusque, almost domineering manner which is useful to beat down a business rival, but not to woo a Parliament. I know something of Sir Eric Geddes from the inside of the Ministry of Munitions; he was rough, unmannerly, energetic, full of commonsense, and indomitably determined to have his own way.

Indeed, Sir Eric Geddes is the *beau ideal* of the business Governor. He has all the merits of the type and all its faults. The merits are certainly not small. You find in his composition boundless energy, a capacity for working all day and every day. This because the big business man has made his business into a hobby. He cares for little else. Unlike Mr. Balfour, he plays golf not because he likes it, but because it is good for him, and will enable him to work better next day. So energetic a man is necessarily ruthless. Wanting the job done, he has no pity for the slacker or the fool. Do your job or get out, is his simple formula. For the same reason he is not afraid of novelty; he has no traditions as to how a thing ought to be done; it simply must be done; he reveres neither age, rank, nor seniority. He gets the job done, and trouble arises only when we consider the achievement.

There lies the trouble. In general, a big business man, such as Sir Eric, rather lacks general ideas. He works by rule of thumb, tackles jobs as they come up, using experience if he can, and expedient if he must. If he is in the habit of buying tin-tacks, he buys tin-tacks for the State without considering how this will affect the supply of drawn wire. He gets into trouble; he gives people "special terms," which the State must not do, because he is accustomed to the secrecy of his board-room; he does not, like the civil servant, quiver like a jelly at the idea that somebody may say something about it in the House. But somebody does. Then the business man, who knows ten times more about the job than his questioner, loses his temper and tells the House to go to the devil.

It was men like Sir Eric Geddes that Mr. Wells called "the intractable ore of our civilisation." It is good ore, high in valuable contents. No doubt the refinery of the House of Commons will, by degrees, convert the iron of Sir Eric Geddes into an excellent steel blade.

Un-Parliamentary Portraits—No. 2 "Transport"

THE RT. HON. SIR ERIC GEDDES, G.C.B., G.B.E.

By A. H. D'EGVILLE

"BOBBED" HAIR GOING OUT OF FASHION

Timely Advice and Generous Gift of Complete "Instructions" and Materials to Make Hair Quickly Grow Long Again.

HOW THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS WATCHING "HARLENE HAIR DRILL" MAKE A QUICK CHANGE IN THE FEMININE COIFFURE.

"BOBBED" hair is rapidly going out of Fashion. Bobbed hair is being demobbed just as quickly as every short-haired woman and girl can get it to grow long again.

In their anxiety to be in the latest fashion not a few women and girls are tiding over the awkward time until their hair grows long again with the aid of "switches."

WHAT WAS SAID AT A PRESS INTERVIEW.

Interviewed by a Pressman the other evening, London's leading Royal and Court specialist on the hair and the toilet, Mr. Edwards — the man who gave the secret of "Hair-Drill" to the whole world — made some remarkable statements. "Yes," he said, "bobbed hair is rapidly going out of fashion with the better-class woman and girl. I receive hundreds of letters from ladies imploring me to help them with my expert advice as to the quickest way of growing the hair again. The number of such letters I receive is increasing so rapidly that I have decided not only to publish my advice broadcast in the Press for the benefit of all, but also to present gift-in-aid outfits of all the necessary materials and instructions to everyone desirous of quickening the growth of the hair."

Tens of thousands of women and girls with War-time "Bobbed Hair" are now most anxious to grow their hair long again as quickly as possible. The acceptance of to-day's magnificently generous gift offer of helpful instructions and materials will help everyone to quicken the growth of the hair and to make it more gloriously thick and long and exquisitely beautiful in its natural hue than ever before. Write to-day for your Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit and see how quickly your hair will grow in quantity and quality. Simply send the accompanying Coupon

WHAT TO DO TO GET YOUR GIFT PACKET.

Don't sit down and brood over your hair troubles. Don't give up hope. Give "Harlene Hair-Drill" a fair trial. Don't read this announcement and put aside with the **intention** of writing for a free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit **later.** Cut out the Coupon-Form that appears below now. Take it and post it **at once,** and then you will be **certain** of receiving a Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit, whereas delay may lead to disappointment.

A personal trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill" is all that is necessary to convince the most sceptical. Simply send your name and address on a sheet or slip of paper, together with the form of application below and fourpence in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, and your Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit containing all the above will at once be despatched to you.

Write for the splendid hair-creating and hair-restoring "Harlene" Outfit to-day.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1*s.* 1½*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, and 4*s.* 9*d.* per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1*s.* 1½*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.* per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1*s.* 1½*d.* per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2*d.* each) from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

DETAILS OF THE GREAT PUBLIC GIFT.

"I have, therefore, made arrangements for the Free Public Distribution of a special illustrated Manual of Instructions with all the free materials necessary to the carrying out of my 'Hair-Drill' method of cultivating a splendid head of hair, as follows: (This offer is open to every man and woman who writes for it)

1. **A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE of "HARLENE-FOR-THE-HAIR," the most successful hair-food and hair-tonic ever discovered after long and painstaking laboratory research and experiment.**
2. **A FREE "CREMEX" SHAMPOO POWDER to cleanse the scalp and the hair from all dust and dryness, and to enable "Harlene" to feed and strengthen the roots of the hair.**
3. **A FREE BOTTLE OF "UZON," the perfect Brilliantine that gives the hair an added lustre and polish.**
4. **AN ILLUSTRATED MANUAL OF INSTRUCTIONS for the successful carrying out of "Harlene Hair-Drill."**

"I shall be very pleased indeed to help any reader of THE BYSTANDER—man or woman—who writes me, and I will send a complete 'Hair-Drill' Outfit with detailed and illustrated instructions for the proper method of carrying it out.

"HARLENE" GIFT COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London W.C.

Dear Sirs—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair Growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel. (BYSTANDER 24/12/19.)

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

Monte Carlo while you wait

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON

Illustrated by PIZER

No. III.—The Lovely Lady and the Sevens

Mr. James Riddle was one of Sir Berrian Borrodaile's guests at Roc Azur, Monte Carlo; a paying guest, at the rate of twenty-five guineas a week; yet he was not rich.

All his life he had wanted to travel. There had never been time, or something had interfered. It had been his dream to see the Riviera; a frank, unabashed dream of which he'd spoken freely to "The Wife." Secretly, Monte Carlo had been the ultimate goal of the dream. But he had never let The Wife guess how he yearned to visit the paradise of gamblers. The fiery wish burned within him like a plague spot. He felt it *must* be a plague spot! To want such a thing was the sign of a sinful soul. James Riddle ("Jimmy" The Wife called him) was glad that he was a good Nonconformist, not a Roman Catholic, or he would have been obliged to confess this obsession.

He and The Wife talked of Monte Carlo—incidentally lumped in with the Riviera dream.

Jimmy would say, "Of course if we go, we must have a peep at Monte: just a day, perhaps, and a look in at the Casino to see what it's like! We might put on a few five franc pieces—what?—to try our luck."

"And if we *do* have luck we'll stay several days," The Wife once replied cannily, with a gleam in her pleasant eyes. A wave of grateful love swept over Jimmy at this speech. *Some* woman that!

Still, he kept on the safe side. He didn't shout, as he longed to do, and snatch her in his arms. He merely said, "Well, now, that's sporty of you, my dear. Why *shouldn't* we—when the time comes? Meanwhile, let's practise a few systems at Roulette of evenings, instead of playing patience."

The Wife didn't ask him to explain what systems at Roulette were, though she could hardly have known. She agreed that it might be more fun than patience, and maybe useful, too, some day.

Jimmy told her he had a friend who had a book about systems; and he was pleased because she didn't spring on him the question, "*What* friend?"

Many persons consider that a man is his own best friend. Anyhow, Riddle took the system book from a locked drawer of his office desk (he was a solicitor, and lived in Streatham), and carried it home that night. This was the first of many amusing evenings for him and The Wife. They were instructive, too, in a way—but not the way they had expected. Jimmy bought a toy Roulette to practise with, but none of the twenty-four systems in the book went well for more than three trials on end.

It was disappointing; but the two comforted each other by saying that there might be better books. Anyhow, there was a War on, and no prospect of their seeing Monte Carlo unless at a cinema; so it didn't matter much.

Then, when the War had been over for a year, Jimmy happened to see Sir Berrian Borrodaile's "Ad." in a Personal Column of the *Times*. He thrilled to his backbone. Just then, he had had a windfall. Five hundred guineas had been left him by the will of a grateful client. But—no! He mustn't be tempted. The Wife could not go. She was tied to the bedside of her invalid mother who had come to visit them.

James Riddle's last bit of toast and marmalade (he was reading the paper at breakfast) was like ashes in his mouth; yet, true to his resolution, he said not a word about the gorgeous lure. The one thing he did do which wasn't iron, was to leave the *Times* on the table, instead of taking it according to custom, because The Wife didn't care about the *Times*. It was "heavy" for her: except "The Personals." She did sometimes glance at them if she were down in time.

Hardly had he taken off hat and coat in the office when the 'phone bell rang. It was The Wife who'd called him up.

"Jimmy, there's the most wonderful 'Ad.' in the *Times*!" she gasped. "You forgot the paper. I'll read the Ad. out." (She did.) "You must answer at once. Better wire! . . . What's that? Not go to the Riviera without me? Nonsense. I'm stuck here with mother. And the house is gloomy for you. After all, she's only your mother-in-law! You need a change. You have the money. And you may

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (continued)

never get such a chance again. If this Borrodaile *has* good systems, you can buy me a handsome souvenir of Monte Carlo, which will be most as good as my being there."

What a woman! She really wanted him to go!

That was because she had perfect trust in him. Well, he would show that he deserved it.

He did wire to Borrodaile, and wrote as well. There was something *naif* and engaging in the man's manner of describing himself and mentioning The Wife. "Must be a nice old boy," Berry thought. And Mr. James Riddle was accepted as one of the six guests to travel to "Monte" by motor, and spend a few weeks at Roc Azur.

Bidding good-bye to The Wife, she and Jimmy had decided on the souvenir. He asked her to choose the thing she'd wanted most all her life, and never expected to have: so she said, "If you win, say two hundred pounds, spend half on an ermine stole and muff for me."

"If I win only a *hundred*, I'll spend every penny!" he exclaimed, as he kissed her. "And even if I don't win you shall have your souvenir."

The Wife was forty, ten years younger than he, and she was a plump little body, nice and fresh as a rosy apple. You can't imagine a rosy apple with powder on its nose or paint on its cheeks, can you? Nor could you imagine Mary Riddle with either on hers if you'd seen her. No more could you imagine her wearing an ermine stole and muff. *Squirrel* was her style. But that was a detail.

Jimmy's five hundred guineas were allotted by him in this way. A hundred and fifty left at home in the bank, in The Wife's name, in case of emergencies. A hundred and fifty to see him through his three weeks' stay at Roc Azur, with travelling expenses and unexpected things; and two hundred to test one of Sir Berrian's "unbreakable systems."

Thus the two had settled matters in discussion, but secretly James had resolved to put one hundred guineas aside. Whatever happened, The Wife should have her ermine!

Before the "nice old boy" had been ten minutes *en route* for Monte Carlo in the second car borrowed for the trip (Mrs. Phillips's), he had told his fellow-travellers about The Wife and the souvenir. He had shown her photograph, too, in a pocket leather frame; and later Mrs. Phillips made fun of it to Berry.

"Can't you see that little suburban dumpling—forty, if she's a day—flaunting herself in an ermine stole and muff from Monte? Not that she'll *get* it!" Eve giggled. But somehow the idea didn't strike the originator of the Great Scheme as altogether funny. For him, it had its pathetic side. The Wife had a dear little face, he thought; and he particularly wished Mr. James Riddle to win. He determined to do what (to Rosaleen Malone, his *fiancée*) he called his "deedest to *make* the Old Boy win."

Some of the paying guests at Roc Azur had seen Monte Carlo before; some hadn't. But to none was it so dazzling as to the solicitor from Streatham.

He drank in the beauty of the place like draughts of magic champagne. The trips that some of the party took *en auto* as a change from the Casino carried them to pleasant places, and Jimmy Riddle to fairyland. Lunch at La Turbie, at the pink, Oriental-looking hotel, gazing down, down, over grey mountains and green hills was a visit to heaven. The glorious golf course, two thousand feet above gay little Monte squatting white by the blue sea, was a revelation. Running over the Italian border and eating under palm-leaf roofs in garden restaurants to the music of guitars and Southern tenors was poetry itself. Nice, with its brilliant streets and shops, was better than "Chu Chin Chow." And for a few days the Streathamite could hardly settle down to the system of "Sevens" his host had taught him.

At last, however, he saw in the Place Massena at Nice, The Wife's very ermines! Rosaleen, who had motored over with him and others (Mrs. Phillips kept her out of Berry's way as much as possible), asked the price, in her pretty French. Muff and boa cost three thousand francs, which sounded a lot; but in the present state of the exchange came to about the hundred guineas James meant to spend.

He had brought little money with him to Nice. All he had, save a few louis, was in "Smith's" Bank, in the Galerie Charles Trois.

"Ask if they'll send the things over to-morrow, to be paid on delivery," he directed Rosaleen.

But certainly! The things should be despatched to Monsieur at Monte Carlo. Alas! however, it was Saturday morning. The shop closed, English fashion, in the afternoon. If Monsieur would wait?

Monsieur would. So it was settled, and Jimmy determined to "work the System" when he got back for "all it was worth."

Of course, The Wife was to have her ermines whether he won or lost, because he intended to risk only a hundred out of the two hundred guineas on play, and already he had won a little on the "Sevens"—a game which would have thrilled him had not Riviera scenery thrilled him more. But it would be nicer to buy the things out of winnings, because that was what The Wife wanted him to do, and she'd be a bit fussed if it didn't come out that way.

He had forgotten, however, that Monte Carlo banks, like others, close on Saturday afternoons. What should he do? Why—the affair was simple! Mr. John Coneybeare, mathematician and late pessimist, was winning—as Berry said—"like Billy-o." And "like a bird" he lent to Mr. Riddle. But he insisted on making the loan two hundred guineas. That sum might be needed in a crisis.

The System which Berrian Borrodaile had named "the Sevens" was not, perhaps, one of the inventor's most steady going and reliable stand-bys. It was good, nevertheless, bounding up more rapidly than it went down, and quickly filling gaps made by its inevitable losses. It was amusing and exciting to play, also; and James Riddle had chosen it from several systems Berry had suggested. To-day was the first time he had "concentrated" and given it serious attention; but he was sufficiently familiar with the formula not to need his instructor's help.

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (continued)

It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon when Jimmy was ready to begin.

There were crowds round all the roulette tables, and he didn't understand Trente et Quarante. Besides, the lowest unit for that game was a louis, and Sir Berrian had warned him that, with his small capital, his must be a five-franc piece. As he stood looking on, suddenly a Lovely Lady seated at the opposite side of the nearest table caught his eye.

She smiled, bowed, and, as a man next her jumped up, leaving his chair vacant, she laid a roulette card and a five franc piece on the green baize in front of it.

Even James Riddle had learned what this meant. She had "marked a place," which no one would dare take unless it were still empty after the following spin or two. The Lovely One's gesture showed that she'd annexed the place for him, incredible as it seemed, for surely never before had he laid eyes upon her! He hurried round the table and edged into the seat next the Vision, whereupon she began to talk as if she'd known him always.

"Hurried round the table and edged into the seat next the Vision."

She was French, or anyhow "foreign," but she lisped English deliciously. Her hair was golden, beautifully dressed; her eyes were dark, and her mouth — well, Jimmy felt like a foolish boy when she smiled at him, showing those little white teeth!

She must be rich, for her clothes were exquisite, in the latest fashion; she wore a rope of pearls, and her fingers sparkled with rings.

"Do I — do we — that is, have we met, mam'selle?" stammered James.

"But of course! You have forget? Shame! *Mais* —we mus' not spik too much, *cher Monsieur*. You will play your system. I have see you play it before. I know about ze Roc Azur. All zare play systems —*c'est épatant!* You play now. I will 'elp. I am *vairy* clevaire, *moi!* I bring you luck."

Her eyes, her smile, her perfume intoxicated Jimmy. To think such a Dazzler should choose *him* for her favours!

"We'll play together," he said, beaming paternally.

The eyes of the Lovely Lady lightened. "Yes! We shall win. Half ze winnings for me—*n'est pas, Cher?*"

Jimmy hadn't thought of that, but he was chivalrous or nothing, so he said, "Certainly, *Mam'selle.*"

He showed her the system of "Sevens" which Berrian Borrodaile had clearly written out, and, being an experienced Vision, a few words of explanation were enough for her.

"THE SEVENS"

"The Sevens" gets its name because you subdivide your capital into numerous little capitals of seven units each. You may have as many of these small sub-capitals as you choose—or as few. And your unit may be five francs or a louis—or much more, because you will never lose more than seven units of your *own* money, in any phase of the game; therefore the "maximum" needn't be thought of.

Taking a capital of seven, if you lose twice running you lose your seven, and must begin with another seven. But if you can contrive to win seven coups *without* losing twice in succession, you will win (with your capital of seven) 83 units.

Here is the Table of Progression:

ORIGINAL CAPITAL—7 UNITS

1st stake 1 unit. If won capital now 8 units, giving 2 stakes of 4 units.

2nd stake 4 units. If won capital now 12 units, giving 2 stakes of 6 units.

3rd stake 6 units. If won capital now 18 units, giving 2 stakes of 9 units.

4th stake 9 units. If won capital now 27 units, giving 2 stakes of 13 units.

5th stake 13 units. If won capital now 40 units, giving 2 stakes of 20 units.

6th stake 20 units. If won capital now 60 units, giving 2 stakes of 30 units.

7th stake 30 units. If won capital now 90 units.

That is, 83 units won in 7 coups. You notice, of course, the peculiarity of this progression, namely, that by adding the win each time to the original capital you always have in hand enough for *two* bets. So to get up to the top of the progression, and win the 83 units, it is not necessary to have seven consecutive wins; but you must not lose twice successively. Very often this prolongs the struggle for a long time. You win the first bet, but lose the second. That is *ballotage*. You have neither won nor lost, and you cannot go up till you have made a winning bet. So you play the same stake again, and this time you win. You pass to the next figure of your *barême*, and this entitles you to go higher still, and so on. A loss on the first stake gives a loss of one unit; two consecutive losses at any higher stage cause the loss of seven units, and you have to begin again at the beginning. But if you can get seven winning

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (concluded)

coups without two consecutive losses, you rush victoriously to the top of the *barême*, and make a big win.

Sometimes the game is irritating, and you lose many groups of seven, totalling, it may be, 100 units lost, though that is very rare; and it is easy to see how quickly losses are recovered when luck comes your way.

THE ATTACK

Any "attack" which you think likely to give wins in succession will suit the game. But an interesting attack, which gives an astonishing number of wins without seeming to have any reason in it, is this: You wait till two numbers have been announced by the *croupier*. Suppose these to be 22 and 29. You add together the *first two* figures of these numbers, namely 2 and 2. You say to yourself, "Two and two make four. Four is a black number. So I play black." Let us suppose that 9 (a red number) turns up. You have lost. Now, again add the first figures of the last two numbers of spins, and say: "9 and 2 make 11; 11 is a black number; so I play black." You get 13, and win, for 13 is a black number. Now you add 1 and 1, producing 2, and play again for black, as 2 is a black number. Nothing can be more simple. Easy calculations in the head; nothing cumbersome to write down on your Roulette card; and a curiously "even" attack.

. . . . . .

Really, she was wonderful, this Lovely Lady! She took all the trouble of playing off Riddle's hands, from the instant he placed his capital on the table. And she was indeed a luck bringer!

Jimmy had gained confidence in the system from his small experiments. But the Lovely Lady won for him as he had never dared to try and win.

As Borrodaile had explained, there were two ways of working "The Sevens." You could accept modest wins, and go back to your first stakes, or—you could be bold and get all the game was capable of giving at its best, shutting your eyes to the risks.

Well, the Lovely Lady shut her eyes to the risks. But she did not shut them on Jimmy. Such lashes! Such looks! And out of the three thousand francs he'd borrowed from Coneybeare, she made with skill and audacity eight thousand.

"Ah, now I am hungry! I stop. We 'ave dinner togezzer, you and me, *Cher*. Zen ve play some more," the Vision announced.

Jimmy was thrilled. By Jinks, he was going it! But he was a sportsman. He owed her a dinner.

He proposed having it at the Hotel de Paris. But, no. Miladi had a fancy for a little cheap place she knew. It would cost Monsieur next to nothing.

Outside the Casino she took his arm, and pressed it gently.

She was carrying all the money—capital and winnings—in her pretty handbag, made of silk and gold embroidery. This plan she'd suggested, to prevent extravagance on his part, and had laughed like the tinkle of a silver fountain, as she handed her *cher* Monsieur three louis for their dinner.

The "little cheap place" favoured by Mademoiselle (so far, she had teasingly refused her name) was, it seemed, in the Avenue de la Costa. To go there they had first to pass the scintillating front of the Hotel de Paris, and it was there that the thing happened—the amazing thing.

The Place de Casino blazed with light. Crowds of cars were sailing up to the hotel door, for it was the popular hour for dining. Jimmy stepped back to let pass a bunch of laughing girls springing bareheaded, half uncloaked, from a huge automobile and running across the pavement, but the Vision had dodged, and run ahead. Thus she was separated from him by a crowd of arrivals. He saw her black hat and white aigrettes for a moment among other hats, and then—missed it.

When, without pushing through the crush, he could pass—there was no sign of her. She had vanished.

Poor Jimmy, fearing she was vexed that he had lingered behind, seeming to desert her, hurried round the corner, then returned as far as the Beaux Arts. But she was nowhere. This was terrible!

Mr. Riddle enquired of the magnificent porter at the Paris, who was opening doors of motor-cars. Had he seen a lady—a beautiful young lady in a black and white hat and ermine cape?

The man was not sure. There were so many beautiful young ladies! But—yes—one like that had driven off in a taxi, which had seemed to be waiting—a taxi from Nice. A young Monsieur had opened the door and the lady had jumped in. The number? No, he had not noticed that. Only the "N" which stood for Nice.

. . . . . .

"What I must do will be to cut down my stay from three weeks to ten days," Jimmy said bravely to Borrodaile that night. "Then I can manage. But what hurts me is, I'll have to send back The Wife's ermines when they come. I may squeeze a few louis out of the wreck to buy her something like what Miss Malone wears. I thought it pretty. But she said, 'twas *white cat*. Say—do you s'pose I could make The Wife believe a bit of white cat cost a hundred guineas?—I wouldn't lie to her, only to save her feelings. She'd hate——"

"You won't need to lie," said Berry. "Mrs. Riddle sent me her cheque for a hundred guineas the day we started, in case—as she put it—of 'accidents,' and I wasn't to tell you unless there were need. Before the ermine comes from Nice who knows but you may have won back enough on "The Sevens" to settle with old Coney, and for the ermine too? *I'll* be your partner this time. I'm no Vision. Still—I don't get lost in crowds."

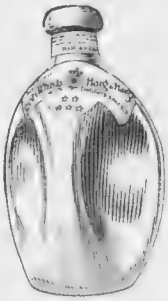
The police tried to find her. But, on the Riviera to seek one Lovely Lady in particular is to look for a needle in a haystack.

The moral of this is—or *is* there a moral?

In any case, "The Sevens" paid for the furs.

We ask You

to remember that during control, when good whisky had to be sold at the same controlled price as poor whisky, we maintained the supreme excellence of our Brand. We could have sold the same quantity if we had temporarily lowered the quality. We did not do so, and we are satisfied with the result.



HOME BOTTLE

In all uncontrolled markets we get the increased price that our quality entitles us to. In due time, no doubt, we will get the reward of our consistency in the Home Market.

EXPORT BOTTLE

As regards supplies we must ask our huge circle of friends to be patient with us. We are delivering twice as much whisky as we did before control was done away with; but our old friends are asking for more than twice their former supplies. You will see that this does not make it easy for us to give supplies to new Distributing Agents.

Be reasonable. We are doing our best. We cannot jeopardise the future by delivering too much now.

Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky

HAIG & HAIG Ltd; Head Office: 57 SOUTHWARK STREET, LONDON S E 1

A New Literary Log Rolled by Ralph Straus

Miss G. B. Stern's new novel is called *Children of No Man's Land* (Duckworth: 7*s.* net) mainly because it deals with those unfortunate German Jews whose fathers had settled in this country before the War, and had not in all cases complied with the formalities of naturalisation. Yet, although the chief problem of this rather singular book is the vexed and sometimes ludicrous question of nationality, I can see another reason for the title, though perhaps the authoress might protest. For if Richard Marcus, the public school boy with British traditions deeply embedded in his soul—environment is a more powerful rival to heredity than some people suppose—is technically one of the Huns whom he detests, because his father accidentally took him back to Germany to be born, and if all the Marcuses, by the mere fact of their race, belong to No Man's Land, Richard's sister Deborah, modern, whimsical, doubtless attractive to some people, is also a child of another No Man's Land. She belongs to that half-savage country which certain young people of to-day are so keen to explore. To honour your father and mother is a thing of the past. Nowadays you see very little except the parental faults and stupidities. You go your own way. All very jolly for you, no doubt, but it is a difficult way, as Deborah Marcus finds out. It needs a deal of hard thinking to get over those stupid obstacles which tradition or general stupidity or both has put in your way. The trouble is that hard thinking is so seldom given. The youngsters seem to think that the free play of their emotions is the same as the full use of their brains. After which, of course, comes the devil of a rumpus. And, as someone once said, serve 'em right.

MRS. CHARLES HAWTREY
Whose marriage to Mr. Charles Hawtrey, the famous actor, now playing in "Home and Beauty" at the Playhouse, took place recently

⁂ ⁂

This book is long, too long, and analytical. Its canvas is not really too large, although you obtain an impression of great crowds. There is both wit and good fun. The Redburys, once Rothenburgs, are delightful to read of, although, I should imagine, most unpleasant to meet. And of Deborah's own family much the same holds true. Richard is, perhaps, the sanest person in the book, and his position is unenviable. Unfortunately, his problem is left unsolved. And Deb's story stops short. She marries her man and does her hair in a different way. But perhaps it is beyond human power to work out such a problem as Miss Stern sets out to present. In any case, the book, however unlovable you may think it, is a piece of work which merits particular attention. There are passages in it which show great powers of observation and insight. There are quaint portraits such as Cliffe Kennedy and Rothenburg *père*. As so often, however, with ambitious books of to-day, there is a certain vagueness in the earlier chapters; you become rather muddled with the various strange names. But it is a book to be read and considered.

⁂ ⁂

Another novel, with a Jew for its hero, is *The Mask* (Methuen; 7*s.* net), by John Cournos, a peculiarly intricate book without a story or plot and not more than half, I suspect, of a whole. It is an account, extraordinarily vividly given, of the earlier career of a Russian Jew whose family migrates to Philadelphia, an account which emphasises those incidents, generally unpleasant, which will mould the character of a sensitive boy and mould it not always in the best way. The Russian scenes follow more or less familiar lines. Young John, or Vanya, Gombarov, is the most sensitive member of a large family, whose head is a delightful and well-meaning and wholly unsuccessful inventor. And to them America in general and Philadelphia in particular is by no means the Canaan of their ancestors. Poor little John has a bad time of it. And yet little by little he adopts a "colouring" which—in the sequel at any rate—will be seen to be protecrive. A mask is necessary to hide the real John away from a humanity which would never understand him. But this book ends while he is still a boy—in an open ghetto-like prison. In the next book we shall doubtless be shown how he is able to "make good" and migrate once again, this time to a less inimical Britain. The scenes of his boyhood are described with a biting pen. John's adventures as a newspaper-boy are set out with a bold starkness that is at times startling.

⁂ ⁂

In my notice last week of Mr. Osbert Sitwell's book, *Argonaut and Juggernaut* I mentioned that he was one of the editors of *Coterie*. This, however, is a mistake, and I should have written *Arts and Letters*.

"Ski-ing The Loop"

EX-R.A.F. PILOT:—"Now! I shut off my engine."

BY LENDON

A Retiring (?) Champion

AND (PERHAPS) A COMING ONE

Some sketches made at Thurston's towards the close of the recent billiard match, in which Inman, whose refusal to enter for the championship is the talk of the billiard world, failed to concede a start of 1,500 in 16,000 to Smith

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

THE START OF THE INTER-'VARSITY CROSS COUNTRY RACE

This race was recently held at Roehampton and resulted in a win for Cambridge by 22 points to 33

Left to right (with order of finishing): Cambridge—L. N. Moss (8), R. V. Dawes (5), G. E Ingle (3), W. R. Seagrove (4), A. C. Telfer (2). Oxford—E. A. Montague (1), J. A. Lanyon (9), A R. C. Bolton (10), R. P. Brown (7), W. A. Grace (6)

Games and Pastimes

A BLIND-ALLEY IN SPORT

One of the advantages of Sport is that it helps rather than hinders a man in the affairs of ordinary life. The cases in which it does not do so are fortunately rare, but one of them is that of the golf caddie, the drawback of whose employment is, that it leads to nothing and is, in fact, a blind-alley occupation. For the majority of caddies are boys who cannot, or at any rate ought not to, be caddies all their lives, and must therefore (unless they happen to blossom out into professional golfers or greenkeepers) make a fresh start sooner or later. The idea that they should be taught some trade in their unemployed time is, therefore, an eminently sound one, and on the next page is an illustration showing how practical effect is being given to it at the St. George's Hill Club, at Weybridge. Another advantage of this practice, which is being followed by many clubs all over the kingdom, is that, since caddies are often hanging about for hours waiting for a job, it prevents them from acquiring habits of idleness.

ATHLETICS

The 'Varsity Cross-Country Race

The revival of the 'Varsity cross-country race over the historic course at Roehampton resulted in accordance with anticipation. Cambridge proved to be the more evenly balanced team, and so deserved their win on the placings; Oxford had the consolation of supplying the first man home in E. A. Montague, of Rugby and Magdalen. History, therefore, to some extent, repeated itself, for in 1913, when the race was last run, G. M. Sproule, one of Australia's many wonderful athletes, was first home for Oxford in the record time of 41 min. 55sec., and N. S. Taber, an American, gained second place for Oxford, but Cambridge were the winners on points. Of the men who took part in that race only one, A. C. Telfer, of Selwyn, Cambridge, figured in this year's run. In 1913 he finished fourth, and this time he captained the Cambridge team, and finished second to Montague, whose time was 42 min. 30 sec. Telfer's time was 42 min. 43 sec., which was 7 sec. better than his time in 1913. This shows that the standard of present time cross-country running at the 'Varsities compares quite favourably with that of pre-war days, especially as Montague seemed to have something in hand at the finish, and might, if he had gone all out, have got nearer to Sproule's time. Sproule, by the way, was an interested spectator of the race.

E. A. MONTAGUE (RUGBY AND MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD)

The first man home in the inter-'Varsity cross country race. His time for the course (about 7¾ miles) was 42 mins. 30 secs.

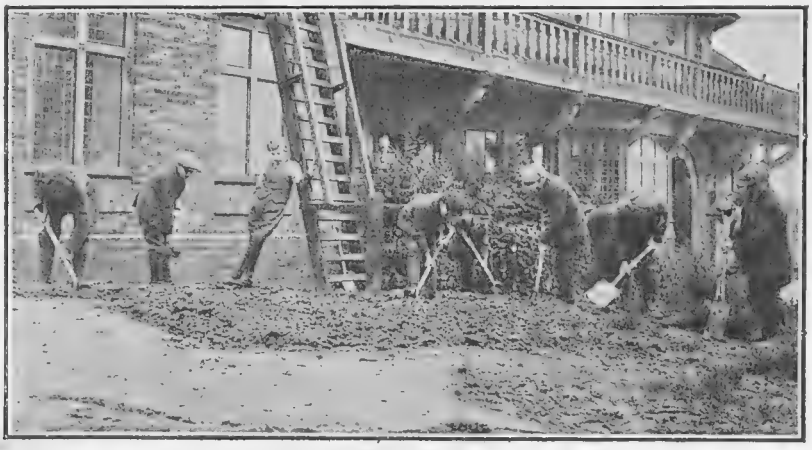
FOOTBALL

The F.A. and Professionalism

I am glad to see that the *Field* has raised its authoritative voice in protest against the recent ruling of the Football Association, which debars soldiers who were professional footballers before the War from playing Association football as amateurs after leaving the Services. "Once a professional always a professional," may be a necessary *dictum* in the case of some sports, but I cannot see the necessity for it in the case of Association football, which is a game in which amateurs play both with and against professionals without detriment. I agree with the *Field* that there ought to be full opportunity for footballers to

GAMES AND PASTIMES (concluded)

change at will from one category to the other, and that this recent pronouncement of the F.A. serves no purpose except that of emphasising the autocratic nature of its authority. Particularly unjust is this ruling in the case of a man who has been serving his country, either as an officer or in the ranks, or possibly both at different times. He should be absolutely free to play football in whatever capacity he pleases. As it is, if he once played it for payment he must continue to play it for payment, or not at all. Can anything be much more unjust?



GOLF CADDIES TRAINED AS SKILLED CRAFTSMEN

Instead of "pitch and toss" during their leisure, they are taught the trade of boot making or market gardening at Weybridge

GOLF

The Amateur Championships

THE proposal for the alteration of the conditions under which the Amateur Championship is to be played in future is, apparently, for the time being, shelved. At their meeting in Edinburgh on the 8th the Championship delegates, though doubtless perfectly prepared to settle the vexed question if need be, decided, in effect, to refer it to higher authority. They passed a resolution that the time had now arrived when, in the interests of the game, there should be a supreme ruling authority for the management and control of the game, and to further this end it should be agreed that the Royal and Ancient Club, St. Andrews, be asked to accept the management of the Amateur Championship. This offer was formally accepted by Mr. Norman Boase on behalf of the R. and A.

New Developments

THE meeting also made certain recommendations to the effect that the United Kingdom should be divided up into districts, with the object of producing, by means of a qualifying scheme, a limited number of players who would be eligible to compete in the championship, the idea, of course, being to avoid an inflated entry list. It was also agreed to recommend that the championship proper be played by holes, so that if this recommendation is accepted by the R. and A., those who object to the introduction of stroke play into the Amateur Championship will, to that extent, have gained their point.

H. S. S.

GOLFER: "Like as we lie, I've played 5"
OPPONENT (*sotto voce*): "Lie as we like! (*Aloud*) I've played 3"

BY R. H. EVENS

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CAPT. QUINTIN DICK'S PHEASANT SHOOT AT WALCOT PARK, LYDBURY, NORTH SALOP

This is the season for jolly covert-shooting parties. Good sport was enjoyed by the guns at Capt. Quintin Dick's shoot a few days ago

By Field, Stream & Covert

A Lincolnshire Pack

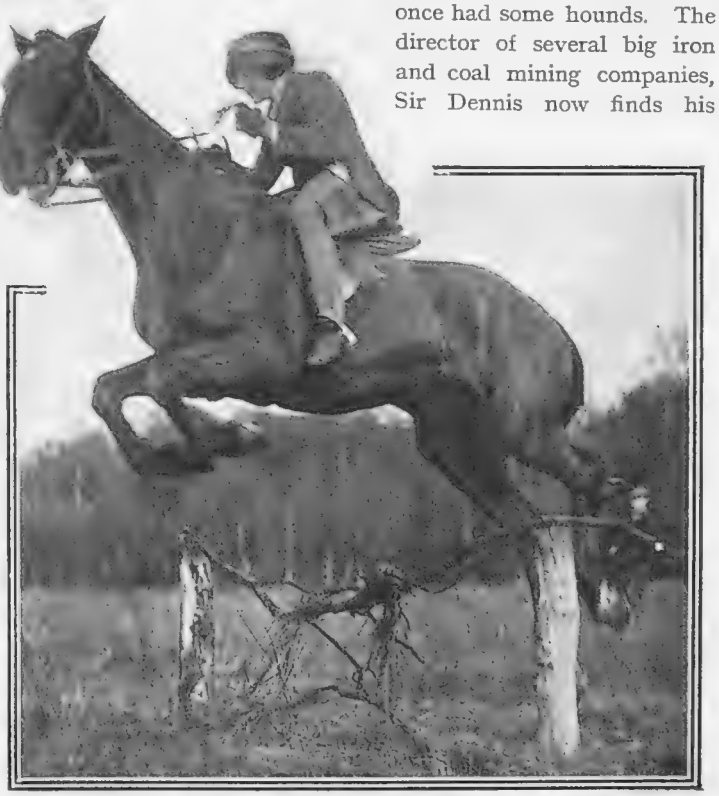
THE end of the season will bring to a close the long and very successful term of Mastership of Mr. E. P. Rawnsley in the Southwold country. This is a really good sporting district, with too much plough, perhaps, for those who are accustomed to the oceans of grass in the Midlands; but it boasts a fine stock of good wild foxes, and the farmers are among the best in England. Mr. Rawnsley has always got on very well with them, and they will greatly regret his approaching retirement. He has long held the reputation of being one of the best gentlemen huntsmen of his time. A fine horseman, he has a rare command over hounds in the field. He is, too, a great student of pedigree, and has bred a splendid pack. The Southwold country covers a very wide area in Lincolnshire, and although it is not divided under present arrangements, it possesses two separate packs, Lord Charles Bentinck, who is also retiring, having his own hounds in kennel at Ranby Hall.

Finance Again

IT will be interesting to see how the Committee get on in their quest for a new Master. The country is not within handy reach of any large towns, so the fields as a rule are small. This is all right from the huntsman's point of view, but you must be sordid enough in these days to consider the financial standpoint as well. You cannot have small fields and a thumping big subscription list. Not far short of £5,000 per annum is now required for the upkeep of the Southwold Hunt, and the subscription at present does not nearly approximate to that total.

On the Yorkshire Coast

A CHANGE has occurred in the Stainton Dale country, which lies between Filey and Whitby, and accordingly includes a good deal of rough moorland, better for grouse-shooting than for riding to hounds. The obstacles are, for the most part, stone walls, and the foxes sometimes take hounds in dangerously close proximity to the Yorkshire cliffs. Sir Dennis Readett-Bayley took over the pack a year or two ago, and provided new kennels for them at Hunmanby Hall, where Squire Osbaldeston once had some hounds. The director of several big iron and coal mining companies, Sir Dennis now finds his



A CLEVER YOUNG HORSEWOMAN

Miss Annette Bryce-Wilson, the fourteen-year-old poetess, who appeared at a concert at the Steinway Hall last week, is an accomplished rider

BY FIELD, STREAM AND COVERT (concluded)

A RECENT MEET OF THE WARWICKSHIRE AT WROXTON ABBEY
Hounds on their way to draw Lord North's coverts

business interests give him very little time for hunting, and he has accordingly called upon the Hunt Committee to find a new M.F.H. Mr. Halliday Huggan, who has previously hunted the country, has come forward to fill the gap. Sir Dennis, who some time ago purchased Miss Edith Somerville's pack, is providing the necessary number of hounds, and is guaranteeing the finances of the Hunt.

Both Holding On

THE Speaker, who has lately given up the Mastership of the Blencathra Hounds, tells an amusing story illustrating the keen sporting instincts of the followers of the pack. The hero of the yarn is one "Patty," a wiry and determined little fellow, with the instincts of a terrier. It appears that on one occasion, the terriers being unable to bolt a fox, which had found refuge in a large cairn of stones, "Patty" himself crawled in, and even disappeared from sight. In reply to the question of how he was getting on, "Patty's" voice was heard from the depths saying, "Capital! we've baith gotten a howd." And, sure enough, in a few moments "Patty" pulled out the fox, whose fangs were tightly embedded in his arm! It was truly a Spartan episode, as Mr. Lowther well describes it.

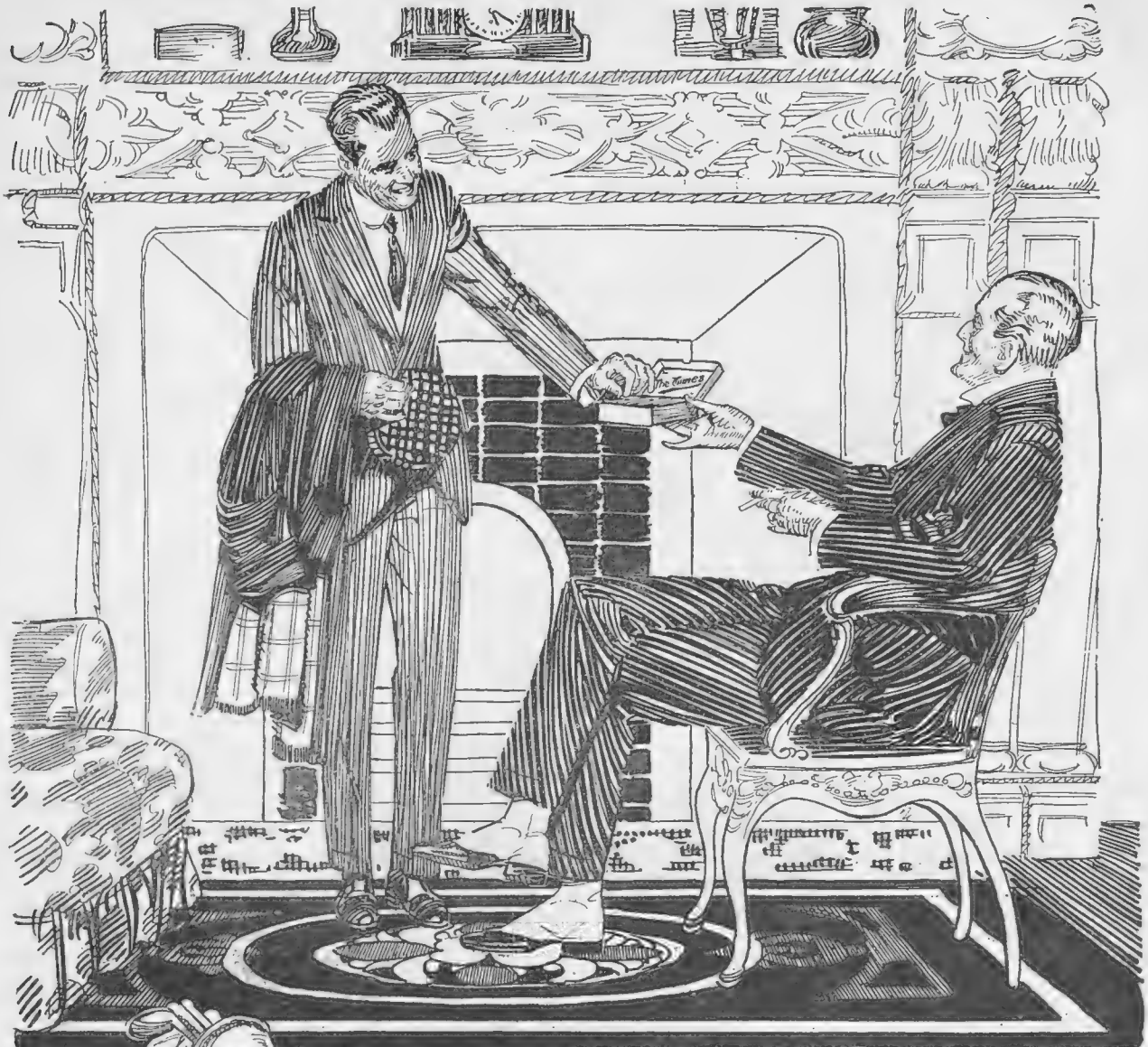
"83—Not Out"

MEETS at Wroxton Abbey are always very pleasant events in the Warwickshire season. Lord North is one of the most remarkable veterans of the Chase, and at "83, not out," he still hunts his smart little pack of basset hounds in the Banbury district. It seems hard to realise that nearly sixty years have passed since he first became associated with the Mastership of the Warwickshire Hounds, in conjunction with the late Lord Willoughby de Broke.

"Baily"

FOLLOWERS of hounds will have a hearty welcome for "Baily's Hunting Directory" (Vinton and Co.: 7*s.* 6*d.*) on its reappearance in its familiar scarlet covers. To think that this is its twenty-third year. Lord, how the years do slip by! I well remember its first issue and the instant success it achieved. You must have "Baily" if you want to keep in touch with the historical occurrences of hunting. The facts it contains are as interesting as they are accurate and informing. No branch of sport can claim a better work of reference. A.W.C.

A STURDY VETERAN OF THE CHASE
Lord North, Master of the Warwickshire nearly sixty years ago, talking to Mr. J. Fielden, one of the present Hunt-Masters of the pack



No. 1.—THE SMOKER'S PROGRESS

Well, good-bye, my boy! Do as well at the 'Varsity as you did at school, and I'll be satisfied. Be careful how you choose your friends, the occupations you follow, and especially the cigarettes you smoke. Personally, I should recommend

PASQUALI'S

"The Times"

THE·VIRGINIA·CIGARETTE

Obtainable of all High-Class Tobacconists.

25 for *1/10½*
50 for *3/9*
100 for *7/4*

Manufactured by Geo. de Pasquali & Co. 26-27, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Drawn by Graham Simmons

Racing Notions

BY "CARBINE"

Owners in Clover

As I understand the situation, the reforms in the matter of stake-money recently decided upon by the Jockey Club are to come into operation at once, and all future races must be arranged as sweepstakes instead of as plates. Exception is made in the case of selling and apprentices' races. Owners are naturally wondering how the new system will work out. It seems to me that they must unfailingly benefit largely. Instead of arranging events of a specified value, racecourse companies must in future devote a certain sum to each race, leaving owners to subscribe the rest. The Jockey Club has set an example in the race now known as the Jockey Club Sweepstakes, in which the maximum liability for each entry will only be £50. The winner will scoop over £5,000, of which more than £2,000 is given by the Jockey Club. So, you see, the odds work out at 100 to 1 if you leave your horse in after the last declaration of forfeit. If you scratch before that time you naturally get out much more cheaply. Under the new scheme owners will enjoy a better time than they have ever had before in this country; but it remains to be seen how far the resources of the racecourse proprietors will stand the fresh strain which is placed upon them.

The Coming Handicaps

It may interest you to know that a good deal of betting on the Grand National and the Lincolnshire Handicap has already taken place, though the entries for those races will not close until next month. Enterprising bookmakers in the North of England are offering fairly tempting prices about likely entries, and are willing to lay you the double event. I see by the list which one reputable firm has sent me that Sir Berkeley, Royal Bucks, and Ugly Duckling are joint favourites for the "Lincoln" at 20 to 1.

The Grand National

You will remember how the last-named came out after a long retirement and landed a couple of coups for his stable at the final meeting of the season. The handicapper will be under no illusions now as to Ugly Duckling's merit, and I should be chary of backing the horse until I saw what sort of weight he had to carry. As for the Grand National, Poethlyn is all the rage. The handicapper cannot put more than 12st. 7lb. on his back, and the public is fully convinced that he is quite good enough to repeat last season's performance. Troytown is the second favourite for the Grand National.

INVOLUNTARY ACROBATICS

Curious plight of a jockey at Gatwick whose horse slipped into the open ditch

An Austrian Prince

A good deal of regret will be aroused in racing circles by the death of Prince Kinsky. Technically, of course, he was an enemy, but those who knew him always found it difficult to think of him in that way, even in the bitterest days of the war. He was passionately fond of sport in this country and never missed a hunting season in the Shires if he could help it. His success in the Grand National in 1883 on his own mare, Zoedone, was one of the best performances in the history of the great steeplechase, for it was the first time he had ridden over the Aintree course. Probably he would have won again two years later if Zoedone had not been foully got at by some miscreant just before the race. In more recent years Prince Kinsky had a few horses in training on the flat, notably Aiglon.

Support for Winter Sport

Last week I commented on Vertigo's disappointing displays in his first three races over hurdles. A day or two later, however, Lord Rosebery's young horse "made good" by winning a good race at Gatwick in most attractive style. For years past Lord Rosebery has supported National Hunt racing in a very practical way by putting one or two good horses to hurdle racing each season, and winter racing would be very greatly improved if other prominent owners under Jockey Club rules will similarly assist in giving good class horses a chance over hurdles. Lord Rosebery has certainly had no reason to regret taking this interest in winter sport, as his horses have usually been all the better for their hurdling experiences, and I shall not be surprised to see Vertigo improve on his form on the flat.

Christmas Week

Most of the chief events under National Hunt Rules will not come off until the New Year, which should have a good start with a couple of £1,000 stakes at Manchester. Christmas week racing will be very similar to that which we have seen during the past five weeks, and I am afraid that is not saying much for it. Still, if the weather is all right, there are sure to be big holiday crowds at Kempton Park at the end of the week. On Friday I expect to see **Girvan** win the Richmond Hurdle Race, while **Shantoi** may prove the best of the young jumpers in the Kempton Park Steeplechase. On the second day **Silver Bridge**, on her flat-racing form, ought to be good enough to secure the Twickenham Hurdle Race.

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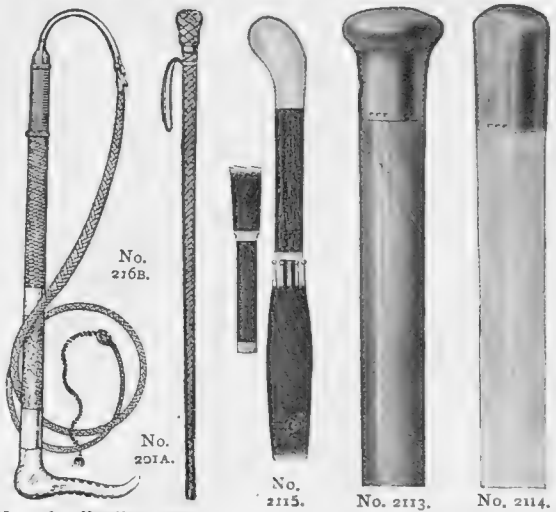

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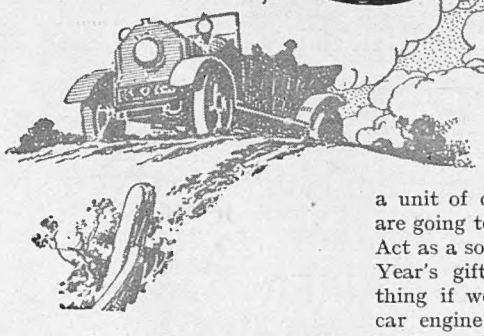

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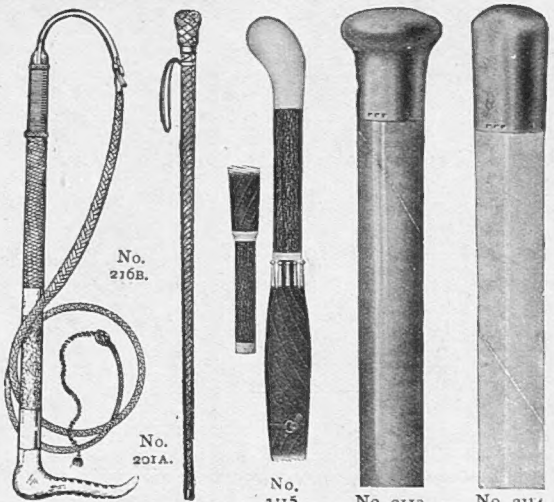

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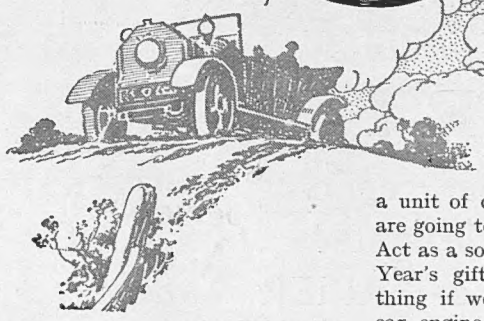

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